The Post

Sunday Special

NO. 613. [REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.] SUNDAY, MAY 13, 1917. PRICE ONE PENNY.

BRITISH STORM ROEUX AND BULLECOURT

BRILLIANT ATTACK ON 20-MILE FRONT.

IMPORTANT POSITIONS AND OVER 700 PRISONERS CAPTURED.

TURKEY REPORTED TO BE SUING FOR SEPARATE PEACE WITH RUSSIA.

ir Douglas Haig has obtained important successes in a new attack on the Hindenburg Line north of Queant.

n a night attack our troops established themselves in Bullecourt, and yesterday afternoon an enemy counter-attack was repulsed.

We have stormed Roeux Cemetery and the chemical works there, two very hotly-contested points, and have captured strong positions astride the Arras-Cambrai Road. Over 700 prisoners were taken during these operations.

Turkey has made advances for a separate peace with Russia, says a Rome report, on the basis of the opening of the Dardanelles to Russia and the evacuation of Armenia. The Russian Provisional Government, the report adds, refused to negotiate.

APTURE OF ROUEX CEMETERY—OUR TROOPS ENTER BULLECOURT.

Press Bureau, Saturday Night.

The following report has been received from British General eadquarters, dated 9.32 p.m., Saturday:—

Further details which are now available concerning last night's tacks on the battle front confirm the success of our operations.

Yesterday evening considerable bodies of the enemy were obrved massing for a counter-attack in the neighbourhood of Bulleurt. They were effectively dealt with by our artillery, and the stile attack did not develop.

Later in the night our troops attacked, and after heavy fighting, sting throughout the night, have to-day established themselves in e village of Bullecourt, where fighting still continues.

This afternoon an enemy attack upon the positions gained was attered by our artillery.

Astride the Arras-Cambrai Road we have captured some 1200 rds of German trench, including the strong point known as valry Farm.

North of the Scarpe our troops last night stormed Roeux Cemery and the chemical works to the north. To-day they have conued their advance, and have carried the enemy's positions in this ighbourhood on a front of about one and a half miles.

In the course of these operations we have captured over 700 priners, including eleven officers and a number of trench mortars and chine guns.

In air fighting yesterday seven German aeroplanes were deroyed and five others were driven down out of control. Four of r aeroplanes are missing.

IMPORTANCE OF ROEUX VICTORY.

War Correspondent Headquarters, France, Saturday Night.

By eight o'clock this morning, as a result of operations north of Scarpe, 377 prisoners had been counted, and others were still ming in.

The long-contested chemical works at Roeux were carried by men, who also took the cemetery and chateau of the place, and shed on to the occupation of the station and buildings north of the lway.

If this success can be maintained the fight at this point will have one of the most important achievements.

From the neighbourhood of Bullecourt the British troops have ed the German lines, taking more than 160 prisoners and cut- off various pockets of the enemy.

GAINS OF FIRST IMPORTANCE.

London, Saturdaay Night.

t that in to-day's fighting the ained their objectives at all points vested some 700 prisoners, shows defensive fighting of the British the past few days was but a matter fidence for us. Haig's sudden reply shows the British Army as top dog. This is a fact of first-class importance.

Day after day the Australians have stood up to German storming troops of picked quality at Bullecourt, and even when the enemy swarmed on them from three sides they did not give way an inch, and, moreover, other troops—Scottish regiments have been reported as operating here—joining them helped to widen the bite into the Hindenburg Line.

ATTACK ON 20 MILE FRONT.

OUR OBJECTIVES GAINED.

ARMIES OF GOUGH AND ALLENBY ENGAGED.

(BY PRESS ASSOCIATION SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

War Correspondents' Headquarters, France, Saturday Night.

The British front is smoking, flashing, and booming at intervals over a length of something like twenty miles, and possibly a good deal more, as I write.

The stonewalling of the past few days has boiled up into many small attacks, in which the troops of the armies of Generals Allenby and Gough are engaged, and the tenor of the news that has come back through that screen of haze is that the day goes well, and that we have gained our objectives in various places.

Anzacs in Hindenburg Line.

On the right of Bullecourt the Australians continued the attack with great dash, and are reported to be successfully bombing their way westward along the German main trench system, which follows the line of the railway between Queant and Croisilles.

This suggests that these troops may get into touch with the troops in the southern fringe of Bullecourt, and thus establish a continuous line from that place to as far eastwards as we have yet gained the Hindenburg trench.

The weather is very close indeed, which rendered fighting a very toilsome business.

The Supply Column merits all the praise for the indefatigable manner in which it is working to maintain a continuous and ample water service right up to the front line.

This morning's attack between the Cojeul River and Bullecourt appears to be progressing very satisfactorily. Our advance has gained and consolidated positions along the road both east and west of Bullecourt, and the place now must be practically surrounded by our troops.

Our Casualties.

Comparatively few walking wounded have come back, and the work of our stretcher-bearers is described as not heavy. Indeed, it cannot be too much dwelt upon that, taking the battles of the Somme as a standard of the cost of a great offensive, the operations which began on the 9th of April last have been carried on with low casualty lists, and this notwithstanding the desperate nature of the later German resistance.

In point of actual news this is about as far as I am able to carry the story of to-day's battles. That fighting will continue at the points of our success is pretty certain, since the enemy is not only continuing to throw in his reserve troops as fast as we are wearing down his ranks, but there are not wanting signs that he is now employing the best of his divisions to try and arrest our progress. But the superiority of weight of our mailed fist is the one factor which renders ultimate issue of this course beyond all doubt.

An Artillery Barrage.

Our infantry speak with real enthusiasm of the weight and precision of the barrage which heralded their advance, but do not seem to have much respect for the Boche reply.

Most of the prisoners in the Scarpe fighting belong to a Brandenburg Ersatz reserve division, and are Berliners. Our men say that they would have taken many more at the chemical works and chateau, but they bolted like rabbits, during the course of which they were shot down in large numbers.

Capture of Cavalry Farm.

The attack on Cavalry Farm seems to have caught the Huns quite by surprise, and we are able to carry Tool Trench, which put us well astride the Arras-Cambrai road.

The Germans were in the northern part of this cutting in force, and tried to put us out, but we brought up a trench mortar, and inflicted heavy casualties upon the enemy whilst a stop was being thrown up, which kept them beyond bombing distance.

ATTACK ON ZEEBRUGGE.

HEAVY BOMBARDMENT REPORTED.

FIRING HEARD IN ENGLAND.

Amsterdam, Saturday.

According to further reports to hand from the frontier, the attack by warships on Zeebrugge lasted from three till eight o'clock this morning. The bombardment was unprecedently heavy.

FIRING HEARD IN KENT.

London, Saturday Night.

Very heavy firing was heard on the Kent Coast in the early hours of this morning.

Windows shook on the sea front at Dover and at Temple Ewell, a village about three miles from Dover. The vibration also shook the doors and windows. At Deal the same thing happened, and people got up and dressed.

It was thought that it was due to a heavy bombardment of Zeebrugge by the British Fleet.

GERMAN LOSSES IN FRENCH OFFENSIVE

Estimated at 300,000.

Paris, Saturday Night.

The most conservative estimates based on the number of prisoners taken and other special information, put the entire German losses in killed and wounded and prisoners between the inauguration of the offensive from April 16 to May 1, at 200,000.

Since May 1 the great losses inflicted during the capture of Craonne Plateau and subsequent German counter-attacks have probably increased the total German losses inflicted by the French to 300,000.

These figures do not include the losses inflicted by the British between April 16 and April 27.—Exchange.

FRENCH BRING DOWN FOURTEEN AEROPLANES.

(French Official.)

Paris, Saturday Night.

The day was marked by the activity of our artillery principally to the south of St Quentin, on the plateau to the north of the Aisne, and in Champagne.

On the day of May 11 our chasing squadrons engaged in several fights, in the course of which seven German aeroplanes were brought down by our pilots and completely destroyed. Seven others were seriously damaged, and fell wrecked in their lines.

There was reciprocal artillery activity by day and night on the whole of the Belgian front, and chiefly in the sector of Ramscapelle.

ALL RESOURCES NEEDED TO WIN THE WAR.

Sir Wm. Robertson and the Press.

London, Saturday Night.

The 54th anniversary dinner of the Newspaper Press Fund was held at the Mansion House this evening under the chairmanship of Lord Northcliffe. The chief guest was Sir William Robertson Sir William, replying to the toast of the Imperial forces, was given a very cordial reception.

It was not often realised, he said, how great were the burdens which the officers in high command had to carry, nor was it always remembered how much these commanders stood in ned of the constant support by the people at home and how true it was that support was valuable only when it was needed. Sir William went on to acknowledge the great debt the army owed to the navy, which had played and was playing an essential part in the war, and the navy would not like him to omit mentioning those fine seamen who were silently and heroically doing their work in mine sweeping and other hazardous enterprises.

During the last five or six weeks we had expended two hundred thousand tons of ammunition in France alone, and we took fifty thousand tons of stone a week to mend the roads. That meant a tremendous amount of railway work, and he would like to acknowledge the services rendered by the railway managers and employees who had gone to France to do that work.

It was not a war between armies but a war between nations, and there was no man or woman in the Empire who was not doing something either to win or lose the war. That was the way to look at it. In order to win this war we must put in all the resources of a nation. There is no more powerful agency for insuring this than the press. We don't want flaming headlines, exaggerations, and so forth. We want consistent and courageous direction of public opinion.

TURKEY ASKING SEPARATE PEACE.

REPORTED OVERTURES TO RUSSIA.

THE DARDANELLES AND ARMENIA.

Rome, Saturday Night.

It is reported that Turkey has made advances for a separate peace with Russia through a neutral diplomat.

It is further said that these advances are based on the opening of the Straits to the Russian mercantile marine, navy, and army, and the evacuation of Armenia by the Turks.

The Provisional Government of Russia refused to negotiate.

It is believed that the Turkish move was suggested by the German Government in the hope of increasing the confusion of public opinion in Russia.

RUSSIA'S WAR POLICY.

HELP FROM UNITED STATES.

Petrograd, Saturday Night.

At the request of the delegates of the army in the field, who are sitting in Congress in Petrograd, M. Miliukoff, Minister for Foreign Affairs, has given an explanation of certain questions of foreign politics.

He said:—"Secret Treaties exist, but they cannot be divulged, for that would be a revelation of secrets which would cause injury not only to the interests of Russian democracy but also to the interests of all our Allies by bringing about a rupture between Russia and her Allies. The latter are in entire agreement with Russia that the object of the war is to establish the right of peoples to their free national development.

"As to questions of annexation and indemnity the meaning the Allies attach to these words ought to be defined. Thus the Allies insist that those who have laid waste and pillaged their countries must pay for the damage they have caused. The Allied countries at first rejoiced at the revolution in Russia, but they subsequently became apprehensive lest Germanophile sympathies in Russia might get the upper hand. Moreover, the disorder which prevails among us in respect to the question of food and the shortage of munitions are a subject of disquietude to them.

"According to authoritative information the situation in Germany is critical.

"Japan has no intention of attacking Russia. All her thoughts are directed towards the Orient. The United States are making Russia a loan on very favourable terms. They are also sending us engineers, who will organise the Siberian railway system and will help us in other technical branches."—Reuter.

BERLIN'S REPORT ON THE FIGHTING.

Amsterdam, Saturday Night.

The evening communique issued at Berlin says:—

The British attacks reported in this morning's communique were delivered between Gavrelle and the Scarpe on both sides of the Arras-Cambrai road and at Bullecourt. They failed with heavy losses to the enemy.

At Roeux fighting still continues.

On the Aisne and in the Champagne there is nothing new to report.

MORE TURKISH ATROCITIES.

Jaffa, Saturday.

Reuter's Agency learns from a well-informed source that the whole Jewish population was expelled from Jaffa during the Passover feast and forced to fly in northerly direction.

With the connivance of the Turkish authorities the Jewish population was robbed during their flight and their houses and property sacked. Those who resisted pillage were hanged. Thousands of them wandered along the roads helpless and starving, their misery being increased by disease. Among those deported to an unknown destination are masses of young Jews from Jerusalem.

THE BALKANS OFFENSIVE.

ENEMY'S VIOLENT COUNTER-ATTACKS.

BRILLIANT CAPTURES BY FRENCH.

Paris, Saturday Night.

The enemy opposed violent resistance to our attacks, in the course of which he succeeded in regaining a footing in some trenches captured yesterday on the Seka Di Legen, but to the east of this point the Greek troops in conjunction with the French brilliantly captured an enemy work near Ljumnica, and took some thirty prisoners.

The Serbians for their part captured the ground foot by foot, and after repulsing several counter-attacks captured Height 1368, and continue to advance in the Dobro Polje.

The artillery fighting continues on the whole front.

THE SITUATION IN GREECE.

Athens (Received Saturday).

The anxiety caused in certain circles by the recent removals of seven officers seems to have now subsided. The Minister for War has sent very severe circular letters to all the military authorities, demanding that the army shall submit with discipline and blind obedience to the orders of the Government.

It is stated that a cargo of grain which has arrived at Heraklemi on its way to the islands of the new provinces will not be unloaded.

Piraus bakers are to-day distributing 64 grammes (2 quarter-ounces of plain biscuit per inhabitant.

TURKS PRESSED BACK NORTH OF BAGDAD.

Press Bureau, Saturday.

The following communique was issued concerning the Mesopotamia operations:—

Since 2d inst., when the last communique was issued, no events of importance have occurred in this theatre.

Our mobile columns operating in the basins of the Strait-el-Adhaim and Diala Rivers have pressed the enemy back into the Jebel Hamrin Range, which runs in a north-east and south-west direction, from sixty to eighty miles from Bagdad.

Petrograd, Saturday.

The following communique issued to-day dealing with Mesopotamia says:—

On May 3 our troops crossed the River Diala, near Meidan, and went in the direction of Kifr.

On May 10 our troops fought their way across the River Diala, between Jumur and Omaraga.

BRISK FIGHTING IN THE CAUCASUS.

Petrograd, Saturday.

A communique issued to-day concerning the Caucasus front says:—

On May 30 about three companies of Turks and Kurds made an attack on both sides of the River Euphrates to the southwest of Kemach. The enemy's object was the Keler Kami Pass. The Turkish offensive was arrested.

During the night of May 8 our troops captured a part of the enemy's positions between Semaa and Pendeguzan, in the region of Garran Pass. During the day of May 8 the struggle continued, and we took several more positions, but at the end our troops were forced by the Turks, the number of whom was increased, to return to their trenches.

JOFFRE'S HEARTY RECEPTION.

Boston, Saturday.

Marshal Joffre was to-day received with every possible manifestation of enthusiasm for the Allied cause.

An enormous procession marched through the streets of the city to the common, where the presentation was officially made of the one hundred thousand dollars contributed by New England women in support of the organised children in France.

THE ALLIES' FOOD PROBLEM.

Germans Angry at Lloyd George.

Washington, Saturday.

Mr Barrett, Director of the Pan-American Union, says that the Central and South American countries can solve the food problem of the future which is now facing the United States and her Allies.

Amsterdam, Saturday.

German newspapers obviously feel grieved at Mr Lloyd George's assertment that Great Britain can be self-supporting next year. The Koelnische Zeitung says Mr Lloyd George and all his colleagues know perfectly well that it is an impossibility.

The Koelnische Volkszeitung remarks in the same connection that a Statesman should be more cautious in his assertions, even if his name is Lloyd George.

OFFICER PRISONERS' CAMP AT FREEBURG.

Amsterdam, Saturday Night.

A Berlin semi-official telegram to-day says:—

A new camp for officer prisoners has been established at Freeburg, in Breisgau. The transfer of British and French officers of all ranks to this new camp was begun to-day. Those officer prisoners will be housed in various hotels in the town.

GERMANY'S INTERNAL STATE.

CLAMOUR FOR CIVILIAN HINDENBURG.

NO STATEMENT ABOUT WAR AIMS.

The Hague, Saturday.

"Kaiser Hear Thy People!" "Bethmann Clear the Course!" "The Monarchy is in Danger!" "No Reforms!" "No More War Credits!"

Such, says a correspondent, are some of the headlines in the latest German papers. However much bluff may be in the German dissensions about the domestic situation and peace terms, the German press no longer leaves the slightest doubt that Hollweg's days are numbered, and that German generally are completely befogged about events as none has ever been.

It would be useless to attempt to summarise in a telegram the flood of contradictory reports appearing in the German papers. With regard to domestic reforms, the irreconcilable Government officials and Prussian Ministers, except Hollweg, are putting up a passive resistance. Hollweg's own press inform him plainly that some of his Prussian colleagues must be dismissed, as others have been before.

A Civilian Hindenburg.

Krenz and other aristocratic Conservative papers in North and South Germany publish an appeal to the Kaiser to hear the real sentiments of the people, and receive a deputation. They say that Hollweg must manage to find a way to get them to the Kaiser's ear, though at present he is dealing their complaints. Count Prince Salm-Horstmar, Arch Monarchist, demands "A civilian Hindenburg" to help Germany out of the democratic turmoil.

Just to cap the all-round discontent, Vorwaerts announces that ex-Field Marshal Count Haeseler's big estates cattle, pigs, fowls, and fish are dying of old age because the fodder Field Marshal refuses to allow them to be killed.

The Central Committee of Textile Workers has authorised payment of strike pay, chiefly owing to the attitude of the Saxon War Ministry, which is considering that eleven and sixpence weekly is inadequate pay for men engaged in work mobilised all the press. They say there must not be an Anglo-American tariff war against Germany after the war.

Hollweg to Make no Statement.

The Berliner Tageblatt learns that the Chancellor will make no speech in the Reichstag either on Monday or Tuesday next, when interpellations concerning war aims are put. He will merely make known a formal declaration, it not being the Government's intention at the present time to publish its aims in the war.

GERMAN CHANCELLOR'S COMING SPEECH.

Amsterdam, Saturday Night.

A Berlin semi-official telegram states that the Imperial Chancellor will speak on Germany's war aims on Tuesday next.

The Imperial Chancellor's visit is at the Imperial Headquarters, will return, according to the Koelnische Volkszeitung, to Berlin tomorrow. These two facts together with him affirm that he will bring back new and full proof of the Kaiser's continued confidence in him.—Reuter.

BLACK WATCH SERGEANT-MAJOR

DECORATED BY THE KING.

London, Saturday Night.

Regimental Sergeant-Major G. Bedson, of the Black Watch, was among the recipients of decorations at Buckingham Palace this morning.

Bedson, who belongs to Dundee, was awarded the Military Cross for having risked his life again and again and for showing resourcefulness, courage and skill in carrying out his duties.

The colonel presented the Sergeant-Major to the King, remarking—"He has displayed very great gallantry in the face of grave dangers, and under most heavy fire from the enemy."

After pinning on the cross, King George shook hands with Bedson, and congratulated him on his gallant deeds.

Outside Buckingham Palace the sergeant-major ran the gauntlet of eager questioners, but he modestly refused to say more than "I did nothing more than hundreds of thousands of our fellows are doing out there every day."

Sergeant-Major Bedson is senior town officer to Dundee Territorials. He was stationed at Perth Barracks for some time, and was later sergeant-major of a Dundee Territorial battalion.

HIS BAD OMEN.

Alleged Shopbreaker Watched by a Cat.

London, Saturday.

"I had an idea I should be caught, as it took me an hour to get in, and a black and white cat watched me all the time."

This statement was made by George Gandy, a hawker, of Harringdon Road, Camden Town, who was remanded at Highgate to-day on a charge of breaking into the Scotch Wool Industry Store in Princess Parade, Muswell Hill.

Police Constable Robinson early to-day found a patch of the back door missing. He called Sergeant Addison, and, entering the garden, they found Gandy hiding behind a door. Asked if he was alone, the prisoner replied—"I always work alone. I always do my job straight."

THE 4-LB BREAD RATION

TO BE REDUCED BY ONE-FOURTH.

KENNEDY JONES' LETTER TO MINERS.

London, Saturday Night.

The Press Bureau issue a letter dealing with the bread ration written by Mr Kennedy Jones, M.P., Director-General of Food Economy, to Mr Tom Richards, M.P., chairman of the South Wales Miners' Council, in which he says we are all anxious to avoid compulsory rationing, especially at first, because of the varying quantities demanded by the needs of different occupations; but it is essential to comply to safety in our bread supply that there should be at least a one-fourth reduction in the consumption between now and the next harvest.

If that reduction can be obtained, and in our view it can be obtained by complete elimination of waste and a rigid adherence to the strictest economy in the consumption of bread, the need for compulsory rationing need not arise, if it arises at all, for some months to come.

A Misconception Removed.

Observe, that at a monthly meeting of the delegates representing the anthracite district of the South Wales Mining Federation, a resolution was passed calling attention to the inadequacy of the four pound bread ration for miners. This is a misconception of the Government ration even. The Food Department has repeatedly explained that the four pound loaf of bread per head per week was an average only, namely, reducing it by one-fifth, that hardworking men and others of this family would not require as much as four pounds, while, of course, the miner, if engaged in heavy manual labour, would require more, and would be able to obtain it on the supplies provided by the average ration. Of course, in a family of adults all engaged in many manual labour it would be necessary to exceed the four-pound limit. That we realise, and in the case of miners and others of laborious nature and great national importance, it is especially necessary that their normal consumption should be maintained at the highest point.

Reduction in Bread Ration.

But to prevent the miners having wheat and other cereals being brought within the danger zone, which would bring about compulsory rationing, we appeal to them for voluntary self-denial, every member of the community using bread to reduce by one-fourth consumption of bread and breadstuffs by the fourth, and this, we believe, can be effected by voluntary effort without interfering with the efficiency of the worker.

This would mean that a miner in the habit of eating, say, 30 pounds of bread a week should cut down his consumption to 22 pounds, thereby saving eight pounds of bread by the eating of such other foods as do not include wheaten or other flours.

NEED FOR ECONOMY IN WATER.

LORD RHONDDA'S APPEAL TO HOUSE-HOLDERS.

London, Saturday Night.

Representations on behalf of local authorities and water companies have been made to the President of the Local Government Board, drawing attention to the present need for economy in the use of water.

In many places the supply for domestic purposes has to be pumped. The pumping involves a large consumption of coal, and in view of the urgent need for economising coal, and the difficulties of its transport by rail, the use of water must be limited as far as possible the amount of water used.

It is most important, therefore, that all waste of water should be prevented. Householders are particularly requested not to leave taps running, as a very small stream from a tap will waste many gallons during the course of water in a single day. For the same reason defective taps should be promptly repaired. Considerable economy in the use of water for domestic purposes can also be affected by using as little as possible of hot water in the bath, and by restricting watering the gardens.

Lord Rhondda would strongly urge everyone to assist during the present emergency by taking all practical steps to guard against waste and unnecessary consumption of water.

LATEST WIRES.

Berlin, in an official report last night, claims the destruction of fifteen Allied aeroplanes.

From Swedish war insurance returns it appears that 77 Swedish steamers and 34 sailing vessels, representing 114,000 tons, have been sunk.

The Italian report last night says a Caproni machine raided Pola, the Austrian naval port. Bombs dropped caused a fire in the arsenal.

The owners of the Scheveningen trawler Gertrudy, which was sunk by a German submarine, have received a report stating that the German Government will compensate them.

In connection with the film which it is alleged is being exhibited in Switzerland showing the commercial submarine Deutschland being brought into port by two French mariners, a Berlin semi-official telegram last night stated that the Deutschland is now flying safely in a German harbour.

The Berliner Tageblatt prominently publishes an article by Herr Ludwig Haas, a member of the Progressive People's party in the Reichstag, protesting against the prolongation of war by demanding unacceptable annexations, and maintaining that Germany has already attained her original war aim, which was to defend herself.

LORD DERBY ON THE AIR SERVICE.

BRITAIN AND SUPREMACY OF INVENTION.

THE BEST BRAINS BUSY PERFECTING AIR MACHINES.

Liverpool, Saturday Night.

Lord Derby, Minister of War, this afternoon opened the Official Air Services Exhibition organised at Liverpool by the Countess of Drogheda for the benefit of the Flying Services Fund administered by the Royal Aero Club and for the Red Cross.

Lord Derby said it was impossible to speak too highly of the bravery of the members of the Flying Corps. He doubted whether in this war there was any other branch in the service of whom it might be said that they laid down their lives and did save the lives of their comrades. He defied anybody to say whether any nation had got complete supremacy of the air, but he would like to compare this supremacy of the air which we had at present with supremacy of the sea which we claimed. (Hear, hear, and applause.) We said we had supremacy of the sea, and a great many of our ships remain in harbour. The German navy had had supremacy of the sea and all their ships remained in harbour. (Laughter and applause.) Let both say, they had got supremacy of the sea, but he ventured to say that the supremacy of the sea which Britain had got was the one we preferred to have rather than the one the Germans pretend to have. (Hear, hear.) So it was with our Air Service.

Since the essential days in the battle of the Somme campaign in July this supremacy of the air was ours absolutely. (Applause.)

The Supremacy of Inventive.

As regarded the supremacy of the bravery of the men in the air there could be no comparison between them and any other branch of the service.

"The only thing," said his Lordship, "we have got to think of is the supremacy of inventive genius and the supremacy of supply.

"In that is much in our hands as we would wish it to be? No, because you never get all you want. But I do believe that at the present moment there is better inventive work in this country in perfecting and improving our flying machines than there are in any other country in the world. (Hear, hear.)

This department of flying is no longer entirely confined to the War Office. It is now under the Air Board. There are many people who say we are not doing all we ought to do. As a general rule people who do that have nothing to do themselves and the people who are most ignorant of what is being done. It is a matter of fact I venture to say that at present there is no one being left unturned to do all that is possible to be done by human intelligence to improve the fighting capacity of our Air Service.

An Appeal to Workers.

When I turn to the question of supply, I hope you will not think it out of place for my part if I draw the attention of those who are responsible for the work in the manufacture of those machines to the grave danger to our Air Service and men who form it by any stoppage of work at the present moment as this the loss of a day in the workshop may mean the loss of a hundred lives in the battlefield, and I venture to say to those who are engaged in the manufacture of these machines that every machine which, although they may bring in many cases death for those who go in them, bring victory to the cause of His Majesty, I ask all those men to consider the position carefully and be certain that they do all they can to help the Flying Corps in their arduous and dangerous work. (Applause.)

Optimistic About the War.

Touching on the general outlook of the war, Lord Derby said there is every reason to be optimistic with a big "if"; there is no reason to be pessimistic if (he said) I am going to describe to you is carried out. People say we are optimistic about the war; that—(applause)—but it should always be coupled with a qualification—"If we all do our best." We had a very powerful enemy, a menace is a most dangerous one. It is probably the most dangerous that this country has ever had to face, but we are confident we beat it if we ration ourselves as we are called upon to do. We are bound to have better guns, better ammunition, more destroyers, more men-of-war, more cargo ships. If we are going to those we will beat, and we are going them if everybody does his best in helping on supply lines in this country.

At the present moment, whilst I am absolutely optimistic as to the result of this war if we do our best, I am not going to say I am so optimistic if there is any falling off on the part of any section or any community in this country. I hope there will not be any such falling off, and if there is not you may rest assured that it will not only bring a quicker peace than perhaps many anticipate, but we will bring at the same time a peace that will not pass away as it has in our lifetime. (Applause.)

War Work of the King and Queen.

Incidentally referring to the visit of their Majesties to Liverpool on Monday and Tuesday, he hoped that Liverpool was going to give their Majesties such a reception as they had had in no other town before. No people had done more unostentatious work than their Majesties since the beginning of the war. Their work had been kept in the most secret. It would astonish people if they knew what they had done. (Applause.)

ARMLET FOR OVER 41 RECRUITS.

London, Saturday Night.

A press representative was told at the War Office to-day that an armlet slightly different in design from that issued to men who are attested under the Derby scheme will be given to volunteers who enter the two new groups for men between forty-one and forty-two.

By next Wednesday posters appealing for volunteers will be ready to be placarded throughout the country

OUR WONDERFUL GUNS.

TRENCH MORTAR THAT FIRES HUGE TORPEDO.

MYSTERY OF GERMANS DROWNED IN THREE FEET OF WATER.

London, Saturday Night.

Just how completely we have got the mastery of the enemy in men and material is indicated in the following racy stories related by some of our wounded who have arrived in "Blighty."

A man from a heavy trench mortar battery explained his part in the fighting. We did our wheeze, he explained, plastering. I used to be in the Black Sea as a pleasure to the work we put in.

"Lord, we did let 'em have it—for excitement—it was like blowing in a weeks' pay in one day—and our big gun simply lifted everything in sight. We ried our guns up at night to a new pit, two hours of mud-plunging after eight hours at the gun! Then I got hit. I was in no end of a hurry when they got to the dressing station, but the general was great while it lasted!"

We trench-mortars get forward of the field guns and we have to be pretty well nearer," said a medium trench mortar man. "Of course, being medium tars—not the heavy stuff—we can up new positions as soon as the infantry dig.

"I saw some of our heavies and the ing pigs' they used. They were firing at a range of over a long range. They can't move about over twelve hours per day on need a pit and cover to fire from, so are all right for steady trench work. Sometimes we're attached to the medium bomb guns that are handled push."

"A Queer Thing to See."

"We saw some queer things," said a of the Chester Regiment. "There is a little stream there, not enough to be a river, where we had had. The Germans had blown bridges across it, and at one point, just a rough business of planks ropes. When we crossed it—they retreated to defend it, it was not big to be worth while—there was quite a of dead Germans in the water, all bunched against the piles, and some had been on. How they came there or who killed them I don't know. I didn't like to worry about it for there was no doing, but men in gas masks, drowned in three feet of water, is a queer about them to see.

"In a battle you don't see much or so much, for what with paying heed to cateraision, keeping touch with the regiment on your flank and doing the fighting is not much time for sight-seeing. I make a few funny mistakes, too, for in many trenches I captured I thought was a gun, and when we reached it was a derelict field cooker empty at that!"

The Marvellous Barrage.

"The barrage ran along in front of us like a big wall of fire, and you could see a heavy rainstorm effect, asphalted pavement," said an N.C.O. of the Royal Fusiliers. "Then you saw some of our men get tickled up with the earth, and we were coughing with the dust. It was marvellous to see how the gunners worked it, for, mind you, the whole push was over in a few days and they had to bring the guns up and new positions for them. For two or three days our officers were without food, the ground we were going over was covered with dead Huns and bitter from their fire. Then our guns would lift and we had it in good defensive order before the Huns got back. We had a couple of men, too, for a bunch of our men who got too far ahead the day before, and who had got cut off, and they had a fairly browned them with the Lewis guns before we could open on them. We got Fritz. Mostly a bit over; there was only a company of them, and they had no machine guns with them. Sometimes we'd see the ground we were going over was covered with dead Huns and bitter from their fire. Then our guns would lift and we had it in good defensive order before the Huns got back. We had a couple of men, too, for a bunch of our men who got too far ahead the day before, and who had got cut off, and they had a fairly browned them with the Lewis guns before we could open on them. We got Fritz. Mostly a bit over; there was only a company of them, and they had no machine guns with them. Sometimes we'd see a machine gun in front of us, but it would be knocked out by our artillery fire. Then

RD DERBY ON AIR SERVICE.

IN AND SUPREMACY OF INVENTION.

BEST BRAINS BUSY PERFECTING AIR MACHINES.

Liverpool, Saturday Night.

Derby, Minister of War, this afternoon ed the Official Air Services Exorganised at Liverpool by the Dreadnought for the benefit of the rvices Fund administered by the o Club and for the Red Cross.

erby said it was impossible to highly of the courage of the men o Flying Corps. He doubted this war there was any other ble service to whom it might be ley laid down their lives and did res of their comrades. He desired ay whether any nation had ever spremacy of the air, but he would spare this supremacy of the air had at present with supremacy which we claimed. (Hear, hear, so," said he had supremacy and a great many of our ships re arbour. The Germans said they ter of the sea and of the north sea harbour. (Laughter and apboth say, they had got supreme he sea, but he ventured to say premacy of the sea which Britain on the one hand and the other the one the Germans pretend to ir, hear.) So it was with our Air

ssential days in the battle of the upaign in the air the command ours absolutely. (Applause.)

Supremacy of Invention.

supremacy of the air depends lenacy in the air there could be no conseen our nation and any others. saying," said he, and I am glad to think of is the supremacy of inn which is just as important as

much in our hands as we would t No, because we have not. But I do believe that at the ment there are better brains at n country in the world than are flying machines than there are r country in the world. (Hear,

rtment of flying is no longer en- to be the work of a few men Air Board. There are many are to-day all we have.

As a general rule people who nothing is being done are just who are most ignorant of what se. As a matter of fact I ventured at present to say almost turned to do all that is possible y human intelligence to improve capacity of our Services. (Applause.)

Appeal to Workers.

arn to the question of supply, I ill not unduly tax your time to draw the attention of those who ble for the work in the manuone machine to the Air Service ir Service and men who form it spare of work. At such a that the loss of a day in the work can the loss of a hundred lives ld field, and I appeal to those re engaged in the manufacture truments of war—instruments n they may be using in heavy or those who go in them, bring rest of His Majesty's forces. ne men to see that every machine ty and be certain that they do to help His Majesty's forces in dangerous work. (Applause.)

Mistic About the War.

on the general outlook of the erby said that anyone who is istic with a big "I" : there is to be pessimistic if the "I" ; describe the war as carried out. e are certain to win. I believe ly—but I should like to add a qualification—" If we all do We are told that the submarine most dangerous that this country to face, but we are certain to nation ourselves as we are called fairly browned them with the Lewis We are bound to have better before we could open on them. We ammunition, more destroyer, far more cargo ships. If we a company of them, and they had hi win the war, and we can have their iron rations. They were just havbody does his best in helping us fighting, but, take it from me the in on this country. fighting, but, take it from me the

next moment, whilst I am ad- fighting. But, take it from me the istic as to the result of this war very little stomach for open fight best, I should not be nearly and none at all for hand-to-hand work if there is any falling off on the ction or any community in this ope there will not be such a if there is not you may rest it will not only bring a quicker (shaps many anticipate, but it he same time a peace that will in our lifetime. (Applause.)

of the King and Queen.

referring to the visit of their iverpool on Monday and Tues- I that Liverpool was going to lajesties would be pleased to r had in any tour before. No one more unostentatious work ojesties since the beginning of ad, he thought, been kept all would astonish many if they ey had done. (Applause.)

OUR WONDERFUL GUNS.

TRENCH MORTAR THAT FIRES HUGE TORPEDO.

MYSTERY OF GERMANS DROWNED IN THREE FEET OF WATER.

London, Saturday Night.

Just how complete is the German mastery of the enemy in men and munitions is indicated in the following racy stories related by some of our wounded who have arrived in Blighty."

A man from a heavy trench mortar battery explained his part in the fighting. We did our whack in the preliminary plastering. I used to be in the black navy at sea before I joined the army, and was a furnace and trimming bunkers in the North Sea was a picnic to the work we put in.

"Lord, we did let 'em have it—for excitement—it was like blowing in a weeks' pay in one day—and our big guns simply lifted everything in sight. We fired our guns up at night in a new one, two hours of mud-plunging after eight hours at the gun! Then I got hit. I was asleep on the stretcher before they got into the dressing station, but the game was great while it lasted!"

"We trench-mortars get forward more than the guns and we have to be on the deal nearer," said a medium trench gunner. "Of course, being medium gunners—not the heavy sixty-pounders—we have new positions as soon as the infantry dug in.

"I saw some of our heavies and the big pigs' they used. They are wonderful things in a morning, firing a shell over a long range. They can't run quite as quick as we can, of course, but they make a pit and cover us fine. They are all right for steady trench work, bursting special dugouts, but machine-guns and rifles are the handiest push."

"A Queer Thing to See."

"We saw some queer things," said a of the Chester Regiment. "There little rough chalk stream there, not enough to be a river, and all over we had had. The Germans had built accommodation bridge across it at about three feet of water, was a queer thing to see.

"In a battle you don't see much or so much, for what with gun-fire and extension, keeping touch with the regiment on your flank and doing the fighting, there is much time for sight-seeing. I make a few funny mistakes, too, for instance, I once fired a good many rounds thought was a gun, and when we rushed we found it was a derelict field cookery, empty of course.

The Marvellous Barrage.

"The barrage ran along in front of whipping up the earth in regular fashion, see a heavy concrete road of asphalted pavement," said an N.C.O. of New Armies. "We followed up behind some of our men got tickled up with shell-fire, and we were coughing with smoke. We were not expecting that, and the gunners worked it, for, mind you, this was when the push was over a week ago, and they had got their big guns up and new positions for them. For two or three days we had been pushing over the ground we were going over was with dead Huns and litter from their fighting. We got to our objective all right, had it in good defensive order before I tried to get it back. He had a sniping post there, too, for a bullet or two got too far ahead the day before, and so long as they kept dodging it I don't think they'll be very keen to get back on their own communications, for a company of them, and they had had their iron rations. They were just having a feed when the shells came over, and I reckon they got it!"

Shell Shock.

With a bump, a roll, and a rattle I found myself being precipitated down the slope in a greasy embankment. I could still hear the train, and I breathed a sigh of relief finding myself conscious." The train was pulling away. My escape had been fearful so far, and all the injuries I had sustained were a bruised elbow and knee. I picked myself up, seemed to have been terribly shaken, but there was no bone broken or left-side, but there was no bone broken or left-side, but there was no bone broken or left-side

LIFE IN BELGIUM TO-DAY.

CHENT PEOPLE'S BITTER SUFFERINGS.

AMERICAN CONSUL'S EXPERIENCES.

(Exclusive to "The Post Sunday Special.")

Dundee, Saturday.

HAVING recently left Ghent, where he occupied the position of American Consul, Mr Henry Abert Johnson has arrived in Dundee to become American Consul in the absence of Mr Lathan, who is at present in the United States.

To a representative of "The Post Sunday Special" Mr Johnson gave a graphic account of his experiences in Hun-oppressed Belgium, where he has spent many years, and where he remained until America severed relations with Germany.

Hailing from Washington, Mr Johnson served in the American Navy in his younger days. In 1896 he was appointed American Consul at Venice, in 1903 at Valparaiso, in 1907 at Liege, and in 1911 at Ghent.

Mr Johnston, at the outset, recalled the fact that in the year 1906 there was a strong movement afoot in Belgium to increase the army and military establishments.

"I remember," Mr Johnston added, "a book was published at the time forecasting a German invasion. The author's identity was not disclosed, though I have since learned he was a Belgian officer. His prophecy has been fulfilled to the letter. The only his warning had been heeded! But just imagine that! The movement to increase the army was opposed by a naturalised Belgian of German origin who was one of the leading minds of Belgium's Parliamentary body at that time. Since then he has been regarded as a spy, and he has had to keep very still.

"Despite warnings, I do not think that the average Belgian ever thought that their country would be overrun by the Huns, and when we did commence they were mightily relieved to hear that Great Britain was coming in, otherwise I think they would have lost heart altogether.

"The Germans entered Ghent on October 12, 1914, but I was not there at the time, having gone to Ostend, where, of course, I saw the Germans take possession a few days later. Ghent has a population of 185,000, and is an important centre for cotton, linen, and flax manufacturers, and also for the horticultural industry.

"When the Germans ignored the scrap of paper, and after they had commenced to shoot their way to Ostend, which was only rightly put up against them, the Ghent people naturally became alarmed, though they faced their coming troubles very bravely. Personally I had received no warning from the Washington authorities as to the interests of Americans who were going to the coast, and as there were relatively few Americans in Ghent I hesitated suggesting that I should go to Ostend and leave the Vice-Consul in Ghent. The suggestion was confirmed, and I proceeded to the coast.

Drinks Telephone Messages.

"I was in constant telephonic communication with the Vice-Consul, and knew to be very close to the Germans arrived in Ghent. Those conversations were nothing short of a somewhat dramatic order, because each message from the other end reported that the Germans coming nearer and nearer, until, on the day of the 12th, the troops were sighted, and the telephone communication was cut off, and I knew that Ghent was under the heel of the Hun.

"On October 15 the Germans arrived at Ostend. No resistance was offered, and that was wise. The Germans did the whole business in a thorough manner. To see them parade along the main streets was like witnessing a special parade given by the Kaiser's forces for the express benefit of the Ghent people. At this time the late General von der Goltz, the Governor-General of Belgium, came to Ostend, and personally carried on negotiations for the surrender of the city. I was introduced to him upon his arrival at the Town Hall, and attended the conference between the military leaders and the city authorities.

Under the Heel of the Hun.

"At a later date," continued Mr John ston, "I returned to Ghent, where I found that the German organisation going like clockwork. They had taken charge of everything, and anyone who exhibited patriotic manifestations was promptly arrested and given very drastic rules.

"These, or, in default, terms of imprisonment, are frequently imposed for the slightest infringement of regulations. No leaflets are of Germany. Germans are one can have them without a special permit, and if anyone is acting in the least see of those from Fatherland the more suspiciously they are just watched like a determined are they to hold out to the day cat watching a mouse. Spies are when the flag of liberty is unfurled, as we scouted all over the place, and keep all hope it will be very soon, by the Allies a relentless thrill. Yes, the Belgians They are not disheartened."

PROHIBITION OF SPIRITS.

NEW WEEK-END RESTRICTIONS IN GLASCOW.

CITY PUBLIC-HOUSES TO BE CLOSED NEXT SATURDAY.

Glasgow, Saturday Night.

Inquiry in official circles to-night show that the new Order to be issued by the Board of Liquor Control as to further restrictions in connection with the sale of spirits is expected to reach Glasgow on Tuesday of next week. The Order, it is anticipated, will prohibit the sale of spirits on Saturdays, so that henceforth it will presably be impossible to obtain spirits for off consumption after 2.30 on Friday, or spirits for consumption on the premises after nine o'clock on Friday.

But that is not all, for it is regarded as highly probable that license-holders, in view of the short supplies of beer and other beverages, will close all day on Saturdays as a protective measure, to safeguard their limited supplies. An emergency meeting of the Licensed Trade Defence Association is likely to be called immediately on receipt of the expected Order, at which a resolution for all-day closing on Saturday will be agreed to.

The prohibition period will then be from 2.30 on Friday till noon on Monday for spirits to be carried out, and from nine o'clock on Friday till noon on Monday for spirits and beer consumption on the premises.

POSITION IN GOVAN DISTRICT.

Govan, Saturday.

The majority of the licensed premises in Govan Cross to Paisley Road Toll were closed to-day.

Several shops in the west end of the shipbuilding district were open in the forenoon, but even in the large industrial customers the license-holders were forced to close early in the evening.

ABERDEEN DRESSMAKERS' STRIKE ENDS.

Aberdeen, Saturday Night.

After having been on strike for about a week the dressmaking employés of Messrs J. Falconer, Co., Aberdeen, agreed to-night to resume work on Monday morning on an agreement having been arrived at on the principal points in dispute, although certain other points will still have to be negotiated upon.

The employers have agreed to pay the following rates during the first five years of service—First year, 4s; second year, 5s 6d; third year, 7s; fourth year, 9s; and fifth year, 12s. Other dressmakers employed more than five years are to receive an advance of 3s per week up to a maximum of 42s. Hours are at time-and-half, and the hours are to be from 8 a.m. to 6 p.m., with a week's holiday.

It was also agreed that fortnightly pay, instead of monthly pay as in certain cases, should be given. It may be mentioned that dressmakers who are not assistants will receive wages of not less than £2 per week.

GOVAN SHIPYARD FATALITY.

Govan, Saturday.

Govan Divisional Police report a fatal accident in Fairfield Shipyard.

While Thomas Farquar Hill, a template boy, residing at 44 Greenfield Street, Govan, was assisting to fix a medal end to a water tight door by means of a travelling crane, when only the shackle being released the temporary fixture fell, and in the end of the tank gave way and fell upon the unfortunate lad, killing him instantaneously.

NOVEL RECORD OF SOLDIER BROTHERS.

Kirkcaldy, Saturday Night.

A remarkable experience has befallen two Kirkcaldy brothers, the twin sons of Mrs Wright, 7 Meldrum Place, Quality Street.

Enlisting together in the Black Watch, the brothers received their training in the same company, and eventually went to the front together. Side by side they took part in some stern fighting, and on the morning of the memorable 23rd of April, they shook hands with each other and went over the top. During the attack Private John Wright was shot through the head, and almost at the same moment his brother was wounded in the back. The only flaw in this remarkable record is that the brothers are now parted, John having arrived at an hospital in Cardiff while William remained in the base hospital.

LIFE IN BELGIUM TO-DAY—Contd.

are finding life very hard under the rule of the Hun. Many of them, however, refuse to pay the fines imposed upon them. They do not believe in giving money to the enemy. They think that it is more patriotic to go to gaol.

"The people are paying about 100 per cent. more for their food and necessary household articles. They find it very difficult to obtain, and during the winters many families have been very keen sufferers. Of course, there is a coal question, and most dear. If it is bought clandestinely from the butchers they are on long prices, whilst there are fancy prices for the meat smuggled in from the country. This is, of course, a dangerous practice, and the police sections all round the town.

Concluding, Mr Johnson said—"The people amongst whom I lived for so long are having a very trying time. They are frequently imposed for the are all suffering bitterly owing to the relentless infringement of regulations. No leaflets rule of Germany. Germans are so that reaching a mouse. Spies are when the flag of liberty is unfurled, as we scouted all over the place, and keep all hope it will be very soon, by the Allies a relentless thrill. Yes, the Belgians They are not disheartened."

RESIGNATION OF SCHOOL BOARD CHAIRMAN

DEMANDED BY HIS FELLOW-MEMBERS.

Meikil, Saturday.

A peculiar situation has arisen in connection with the chairmanship of Wemyss School Board which is likely, it is stated, to lead to interesting developments.

The chairman is ex-Bailie John Cormie, a prominent member of Buckhaven Town Council, and also of the Fife County Council, who in pre-war times was a popular protagonist of the Labour movement, whose name was mentioned as a prospective Labour candidate in more than one constituency.

The representatives of Labour form the majority of the Wemyss School Board, and a demand has been made for the resignation of Mr Cormie, who, however, declines to accede to the request.

At the last meeting a proposal was submitted to the effect that the members of the Board refuse to continue under his chairmanship.

It is understood that Mr Cormie is determined not to resign.

END OF AYR REMOUNT CASE.

ALL THE ACCUSED ACQUITTED.

Edinburgh, Saturday.

The trial concluded to-day in the High Court, Edinburgh—before the Lord Justice-Clerk (Lord Scott Dickson) and a jury—of the ten men charged in what is known as the Ayr army forage case. The proceedings, which have lasted for five days, evoked a great deal of interest.

The accused were John Clerk Greig, an Edinburgh publican, and David C. Broadfoot, a stud groom, who were charged with the theft of quantities of War Office forage supplies from the Remount Depot at Ayr, in which they occupied positions of some authority; and Thomas Hamilton Kerr, Dalziel, Thomas Murray, David Murray, William Paterson, James Findlay, William Scullion, and Thomas Scullion, who were charged with resetting various quantities of the goods alleged to have been stolen. The original indictment was modified in certain particulars by the Solicitor-General in the course of the trial.

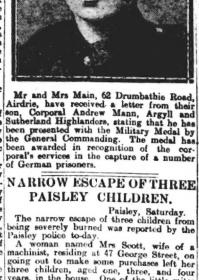
The Verdict.

Lord Scott Dickson, in summing up, said that the verdict of the jury would depend upon the view which they believed, and that was altogether a jury question. there being practically no points of law in the case. Some of the charges which had been withdrawn as against Greig, Broadfoot, and Bryden, his Lordship pointed out, were not relevant to the charges directed the jury to return a verdict of not guilty on those particular points. All the accused, however, had a considerable local reputation, which would stand them in good stead, but the jury still had to consider whether it had been proved that the conduct had fallen away from grace. His Lordship said it seemed to him that the charges had been fortified in bringing the case, but their justification had nothing whatever to do with the jury's duty, which was to make up their minds what had been proved.

The jury, after summing up occupied over two hours, and the jury were absent for an hour. Their verdict in respect of all the accused was not guilty. The verdict was unanimous with the exception of a very small part of the indictment against Greig, in regard to which the verdict of not guilty was by a majority. There was some applause in Court.

The accused were thereupon dismissed from the bar.

MILITARY MEDAL FOR AIRDRIE MAN.



Mr and Mrs Main, 62 Drumbathie Road, Airdrie, have received a letter from their son, Corporal Thomas Main, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, stating that he has been presented with the Military Medal by the General Commanding. The medal has been awarded in recognition of the corporal's services in the capture of a number of Germans.

NARROW ESCAPE OF THREE PAISLEY CHILDREN.

Paisley, Saturday.

The narrow escape of three children from being severely burned was reported by the police here to-day.

A woman named Mrs Scott, wife of a mechanic, residing at 47 George Street, on going out to make some purchases left her three children, aged one, three, and four years, in the house. One of the little ones lighted a piece of wood at the fire, and set light to several articles of clothing hanging on a pulley. Fortunately a man—James Beaton, a tramway employee—was passing, and seeing smoke issuing from the window he rushed into the house, and succeeded in extinguishing the outbreak. In doing so, however, he was burnt about the neck, but the children were got out safely.

IN CONFIDENCE FROM THE INNER CIRCLE.

Russia: Something Big for Winston: The Return of Christabel: Yet Another Food Controller!

EXCLUSIVELY CONTRIBUTED (BY "POST" SPECIAL WIRE).

London, Saturday Night.

ONE of the most curious things about the people who profess to know is that they are always most cheerful when the published news looks the worst. That is the case about Russia at the moment. All the experts are saying that things are infinitely better than they appear in the papers.

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Hertling, the Bavarian Minister, whose annexation talk and indemnity humour has attracted some attention, is another case in point. He recently returned to Munich from Vienna, in which city it is high treason to mention territorial gain for anybody as a result of the war. In Vienna he was well received, and sped regretfully.

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The suggestion that the King and Queen were likely to postpone their visit to the North has no foundation in fact. One report of the trip will be that Princess Mary will have to undertake upon her own responsibility the opening of the Paisley Hall entertainment on Tuesday, in aid of the Monopotamia Comforts Fund. The Duke of Wellington's historic residence looks like being crowded for the occasion.

• • •

Of course, you have heard that a big job is to be found for Mr Churchill. Everybody is saying so. Only, as a man in the know remarked to me, "Where's the money? Will he take what other people find for him?"

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Sir Edward Carson seems to thrive upon the bitter fight that is in progress. His friends loudly declare that he has laid aside all thought of resignation since the attacks upon him were delivered with such venom, and that he will stand or fall with measures now being taken at the Admiralty.

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Sir Joseph Lyons is mentioned as the next possible acquisition of the food "controllers" at Grosvenor House. He would be quite at home with Mr Kennedy Jones and Mr Alfred Butt, and in days gone by had more than one business connection with Lord Devonport. Captain Bathurst, at the time of writing, had not withdrawn his resignation.

• • •

The return of Miss Christabel Pankhurst to London in the week before the introduction of the Electoral Reform Bill may be accepted in many quarters as ominous. The opponents of Women's Suffrage have already taken their measure, and everybody knows that the new principle will be opposed tooth and nail. Just what the Suffragist stalwarts intend to do for the moment is hidden, some of them talk as though a little fresh notoriety would help, but among now that their cause is coming to a head.

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The call for volunteers between the ages of forty and fifty is accepted as another omen. There is evidence of the pressure of man-power problem for one thing. Is almost inevitable failure is the natural step towards a drastic measure? Or is it because the Government—the compulsory service for men up to the age of forty-five.

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Indeed, the signs of the times hold serious portent for men between forty and forty-five. Their position is made more dubious by the unrest among the engineers. Mr Arthur Henderson, I hear, has made such good progress in his negotiations with the men, that he will soon be off on his journey to Petrograd.

• • •

In London, and in New York as well, much anxiety is caused by the Colonel Repington's article in the Times of Friday last, with its ready acceptance of the long war doctrine. It is earnestly hoped that the man-power question, which for the moment absorbs even the food issue in well-informed circles.

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By the way, all sorts of people are applying for passports for Stockholm and Petrograd in these days. If Mr Hall's peace ark were now in commision he could easily get a full ship here in Great Britain. For the moment the passport applications are hung up.

• • •

London Greeks are very sore about the conversion of the Crown Prince of Greece to pro-German views, as evidenced by the publication of a letter of Colonel Metaxas, King Constantine's most trusted staff officer. Like the Greeks in London, they are sore with the dynasty, and are only waiting for the placing of the tyranny of Constantine in the hands of Venezelos. Before the month is over Athens is likely to see stranger scenes than even those of last December.

• • •

I have been talking during the week to wounded Australians from Bullecourt. They are enthusiastic about the possibilities of the position they hold on the Hindenburg line, reaching to Quéant. Of course, in going out to make some purchases left home three children, aged one, three, and four years, in the house. One of the little ones lighted a piece of wood at the fire, and set light to several articles of clothing hanging on a pulley. Fortunately a man—James Beaton, a tramway employee—was passing, and seeing smoke issuing from the window he rushed into the house, and succeeded in extinguishing the outbreak. In doing so, however, he was burnt about the neck, but the children were got out safely.

offended public opinion with its flagrant ostentatious waste of petrol by looking and other turf parasites.

• • •

I gather that a proposal for keeping few hundred horses in training will be made. They will be tested by public at Newmarket on the lines upon which turf trials were conducted in France during the summer. Whether the proposal will cover betting on these trials is still a moot point, but the importance of training racing lads will be recognised all round. There is a lot of support for Lord D'Abernon and other gentlemen who have so much capital in the breeding industry.

• • •

I am told that ten shillings instead of seven and sixpence will be the fee now demanded from the owner of a single dog. For a second animal the dog-lover must pay a license fee of one pound, and the charge more dogs will ascend by a stiff progression. The unlicensed dog is likely to be dealt with in a drastic fashion.

• • •

I saw General Smuts one day during the week. He is not easy to interview at most times, and has mastered the knack of saying commonplace things since he has come to speak at English ceremonial banquets. But he is full of the fact that he is needed in Africa, and that he will be off on any event which will bring the day of his return appreciably nearer.

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The number of army scandals grows and each bears a more ancient date than the last. I hear that a contract scandal of huge dimensions will shortly see the light. The revelations concerning petrol may be expected before very long.

MANY FIFE MINERS UNEMPLOYED.

SCHEME FOR TRANSFERRING THEM TO ENGLAND.

Dunfermline, Saturday.

At many of the Fife, Kinross, and Clackmannanshire collieries there has been a great deal of broken time in the last few months. Most severely hit have been the smaller collieries, and many of the men have not obtained more than two days' work in the past fortnight. As a consequence there has been much distress in many districts. Quite a number of miners over military age have sought employment in other industries, and on the part of unmarried men a year ago there has been a gradual exodus to the call of army service.

At a meeting here this afternoon of the Executive Council of the Fife, Kinross, and Clackmannan Miners' Association, Mr W. Adamson, M.P., general secretary, presided, and was supported by Messrs Scroller and Sir Richard Redmayne, Chief Inspector of Mines, regarding the question of employment in the three counties. He further stated that arrangements had been made for a conference on Monday of representatives of masters and men, at which there would be considered the question of transference of miners from the land to engage in falling wood for the support of pit timber, of which there was a shortage.

The men who would be transferred, he said, would be paid at the rate of seven and sixpence per day of six days a week. There would also be subsistence allowance of seven and sixpence per week for single men, and 25s per week for married men. Further, the railway fares of the men would be paid to and from the districts where they were sent.

DUNOON STEAMER SERVICE.

Dunoon, Saturday.

The reply in Parliament to Mr Hartley Watt, M.P., as to the probability of an improved steamer service between Dunoon and the Broomielaw to Dunoon has given a very satisfactory impression in that Clyde coast town.

Owing to the steps taken during the present month has proved the quietest on record, and one has only to study the returns to understand what this means to Dunoon.

For this week the returns for the pier indicate that five thousand people passed through the turnstiles, £21 being received in dues.

For the same week last year eleven thousand people passed the turnstiles, the pennies fully £43.

The figures speak for themselves, and the amount of business lost, and Dunoon's hope that those in authority will endeavour to allow a resumption of the steamer service on the earliest possible date.

IMPROVED PERFECT LEATHER STITCHER

Perfect Automatic Leatherstitch Awl for saddlery and all heavy sewing in Leather, Canvas—Harness, Boots, Bellows, Tents, &c. Wheel Leatherstitch sewing machines for stronger saddlery, do your own repairs. Simple to use. Necessity in every home and workshop. Complete with straight and curved needles, and thread. 3/-, postage 5d. Extra thread, 7d per skein. Full instructions with Stitcher. ARTHUR A. WARD, 142-144 OSTTERNHAM ROAD, LONDON

THE PO

THE MOST ASTOUNDING REVELATIONS OF THE

BEHIND TI

When I Prayed with

The Kaiser in conversation with one of his Generals at the Eastern front.

THE day following my meeting with Hindenburg, a staff officer, Captain Wagner, called at my hotel with a powerful military automobile, with two men seated in front.

Our start was bad.

I almost infuriated my guide. He was a man at least fifteen years my senior, and I mused, or at least tried to insist, on his sitting at my right-hand side. But he would not hear of it, and, finally, in exasperation exclaimed—" Aber ich bitte doch, mein Herr, es kommen ja unsere Manieren in" But I beg you, sir, we know our manners"). Of course, his protests were accompanied by salutes and heel-clicking. "Oh, Lord," I thought, "this is really too much. A representative of a British newspaper arguing with a German officer about etiquette!"

Well, far was it from me to make him feel bad, and so, amidst the wondering gaze of the chauffeurs, both militarist and civil, I took my seat, and off we went towards Goldap.

The journey itself took us the better part of three hours. Again I had occasion to notice what a lively, barren, desolate country East Prussia is. One might have imagined oneself somewhere in the prairies of Saskatchewan or any other Western Canadian province in winter-time. Sometimes we drove for miles without seeing anything of interest. The roads were well built, and in most places, though it had been raining off and on for several weeks, in excellent condition. Large transport wagons were the most notable feature of the journey.

On several occasions I stopped the car to get out, and took photographs of some of the scenes. I had no permit to carry a camera, but what matter. A German military car and a captain in uniform over a multitude of sins. I did not pick out any specially striking-looking specimens, but snapped them as they came along.

Goldap—a small East Prussian town of 10,000 or six thousand inhabitants—looked a bit upset. There had been considerable fighting in the streets and the town had been made the headquarters of Hindenburg. The Town Hall was deserted, so was the only hotel and the whole of one side of the market-place.

An "Upset" Town.

The captain noticed me round the little town, and showed me the "terrible devastations" Russians had wrought here," a fact by the way, compared with the present condition of some of the Belgian towns I have seen, like an English garden compares with a prairie. He took me to the general headquarters, where I was presented to several officers of the Staff, and invited to stay to lunch. I was shown into the room in which the Russian General Staff had had their offices. A number of papers had been left behind, and orders had been given that nothing was to be touched.

One of the writing tables I noticed was covered with the picture of a young girl looking rather outstanding out of a Siberian frame. The girl looked about seventeen or eighteen and was very pretty. Underneath was written, "Au revoir, au revoir very dear father."

I wonder how small things sometimes make such a deep impression on one's mind. In Goldap, that first day full of so many new and fresh experiences, right in the midst of the enemy, is represented in my mind that little postcard and it tender "Au revoir, au revoir very soon, dear father."

I had given the opportunity to be left with that card, otherwise I would have taken it.

They thought, which I agree should not be seen in the mind of a purely objective writer in search of news and facts, crowded my heart and brain—"Would there be a revoir" on this side? Was the colonel shot on the road? Or was he sleeping in the cold East Prussia, drowned like a rat in a ditch, or just a decent bullet found a spot in his heart?"

"Au revoir, au revoir very soon, dear father."

Many, many thousands have written such cards since the beginning of this war, and who will never touch the beloved hands and lips again.

Indeed, "War is Hell."

I guess this digression is very un-British. Well, if so, it can't be helped. That photograph haunted me for days and days.

The afternoon we drove on to Suwalki on the border in Poland. The most prominent feature of the landscape was the almost procession of sleighs carrying the wounded.

The writ... by birth, ha... passes or per... troduction to... many places... barred, and... news concern...

Just outside... churchyard stood t... German field bak... ies, each of them... was laid—with... capacity of two... thousand loaves... day. Many pairs... interested eyes, b... German and Russ... were keenly wat... ing the operations... the soldierly bakers...

Here I saw... different type...

IN CONFIDENCE FROM THE INNER CIRCLE.

Russia: Something Big for Winston: The Retirement of Christabel: Yet Another Food Controller!

EXCLUSIVELY CONTRIBUTED
(BY "POST" SPECIAL WIRE).

London, Saturday Night.

ONE of the most curious things about the people who profess to know is that they are always most cheerful when the published news looks the worst. That is the case about Russia at the moment. All the experts are saying that things are infinitely better than they appear in the papers.

* * *

Hertling, the Bavarian Minister, whose annexation talk and indemnity humour has attracted some attention, is another case in point. He recently returned to Munich from Vienna, in which city it is high treason to mention territorial gain for anybody as a result of the war. In Vienna he was well conived, and sped regretfully.

* * *

The suggestion that the King and Queen were likely to postpone their visit to the North has no foundation in fact. One reason why the trip will be made is because it will have to undertake upon her own responsibility the opening of Parker Pulman joints. He recently returned to Manchester from Vienna, in which city it is high treason to mention territorial gain for anybody as a result of the war. In Vienna he was well conived, and sped regretfully.

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* * *

Of course, you have heard that a big job is to be found for Mr Churchill. Everybody is saying so. Only, as a man in the know knows them, they are mistaken. Will he take what other people find for him?"

* * *

Sir Edward Carson seems to thrive upon better fight than being waylaid upon the last. I hear that a contract scandal of dimensions will shortly see the light. The revelations concerning petrol may be expected before very long.

* * *

Sir Joseph Lyons is mentioned as the next possible acquisition of the food "controller" at Grosvenor House. He would be quite at home with Mr Kennedy Jones and Sir Alfred Butt, and in days gone by had ore than one business skirmish with Lord Devonport. Captain Bathurst, at the time of writing, had not withdrawn his resignation.

* * *

The return of Miss Christabel Pankhurst to London in the week before the introduction of the Electoral Reform Bill may be opposed as an omen. The opponents of women's Suffrage have already taken their stand, and everybody knows that the very principle will be opposed tooth and nail as what the Suffragettes stalwarts intend is in the moment hidden, but some of them is as though a little fresh notoriety would be displeasing now that their cause is ning to a head.

* * *

The call for volunteers between the ages forty and fifty is accepted as another ien. It is evidence of the gravity of the n-power position for one thing. It also inevitable failure is the natural step ards a universal and compulsory enrolment. Government—the compulsory service for n up to the age of forty-five.

* * *

adeed, the signs of the times hold serious ient for men between forty and forty-five. re possible one will be reminded of the unrest among the engineers. Mr hur Henderson, I hear, has made such progress in his negotiations with Lloyd , that he will soon be off on his journey Petrograd.

* * *

London, and in New York as well, is significant reference to the Archbishop nigton's article in the Times of Friday with its ready acceptance of the long doctrine, and its full endorsement of the -power question, which for the moment ures even the food issue in well-informed les.

* * *

the way, all sorts of people are applying for passports for Stockholm and Petrograd in these days of the Revolt's peace advance no commission he could easily get ll ship here in Great Britain. For the nt the passport applications are hung

* * *

ndon Greeks are very sore about the ersion of the Crown Prince of Greece o-German views, as evidenced by the ication of a letter of Colonel Metaxas, Constantine's most trusted staff officer. the Greeks in France, those who love the dynasty, and are only waiting for playing of the tyranny under which in hands of Venezelos. Before this month or Athens is likely to see stranger scenes even those of last December.

* * *

ave been talking during the week to ded Australians from Ballecourt. They enthusiastic about the possibilities of sition they hold on the Hindenburg and both sympathetic and hopeful that the chances for rifle shooting given during the German counter-attacks. swear Australia will beat Bulleourt of the historical names of the war.

* * *

d D'Aberon and Lord Durham have given their serious attention to the ng of horse-breeders which is to be on Monday in the interest of the blood- industry. The breeders of racehorses I have done well to have dissociated selves long ago from the racing which offended public opinion with its flagrant extentatious waste of petrol by looks and other turf parasites.

* * *

I gather that a proposal for keeping few hundred horses in training will be made. They will be tested by public at Newmarket on the lines upon which turf trials were conducted in France during last summer. Whether the proposal to cover betting on these trials is still a point, but the importance of training horses will be maintained. There is a lot of support for Lord D'Abernon and other gentlemen who have so much sunk in the breeding industry.

* * *

I am told that ten shillings instead seven and sixpence will be the fee demanded from the owner of a single For a second animal the stag-lover must a license fee of one pound, and the more dogs will accord by a stiff progressive contribution. There he has needed in Africa, and that he will not speak at English ceremonial banquets any event which will bring the dog return appreciably nearer.

* * *

The number of army scandals grows each week. Here is a graver one than last. I hear that a contract scandal of dimensions will shortly see the light. revelations concerning petrol may be expected before very long.

MANY FIFE MINERS UNEMPLOYED.

SCHEME FOR TRANSFERRING THEM TO ENGLAND.

Dunfermline, Saturday.

At many of the Fife, Kinross, and Clackmannashire collieries there has been a great deal of broken time in the past few days. Most severely hit have been the smaller pits, at many of which the output has not obtained more than two days' work in the past fortnight. As a consequence there has been much distress in the mining districts. Quite a number of miners over middle age have sought employment in other trades, and on the part of unmarried men of military age there has been a gratifying response to the call of the country.

At a meeting here this afternoon of the Executive Board of the Fife, Kinross, and Clackmannashire Miners' Association, Mr Wilkie Adamson, M.P., general secretary, reported having had interviews with the Controller and Sir Richard Redmayne, Chief Inspector of Mines, regarding the unemployment and consequent distress in the mining counties. He further stated that arrangements had been made for a meeting on Monday of representatives of masters and men, at which there would be considered the possibility of transferring miners from the land to engage in felling wood for the supply of pit timber, of which there was a serious lack in England and Wales.

The man who would benefit, it was said, would be paid at the rate of seven and sixpence per day of six days. There would also be subsistence allowance of seven and sixpence per week for wife and child, and ten shillings for each other. Further, the railway fares of the men would be paid to and from the districts they were sent.

DUNOON STEAMER SERVICE.

Dunoon, Saturday.

The reply in Parliament to Mr Harry Watt, M.P., as to the probability of an early resumption of the steamer service by the Broomielaw to Dunoon has given excellent satisfaction in that Clyde resort.

Owing to the stoppage of the boats the present month has proved the quietest on record, and one has only to refer to returns to understand what this means to Dunoon.

For this week the returns for the public case that five thousand people passed through the turnstiles, £21 being received.

For the same week last year eleven thousand people entered the pier, the pennies fully £45.

The figures speak for themselves as to amount of business lost, and Dunoon hope that those in authority will see their way to allow a resumption of the service at the earliest possible date.

IMPROVED PERFECT LEATHER STITCHER

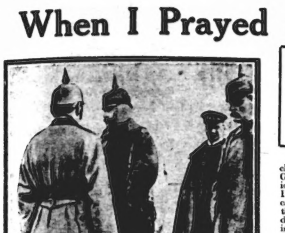
Perfect Automatic Lockstitch Awl for quickly and strongly sewing all Leather, Canvas—Harness, Boots, Bags, Tents, &c.—perfect Lockstitch—a sewing machine but stronger, neater, do your own repairs. Simple to use. Necessity in every home and workshop. Complete with straight and curved needle and thread. 2/- (postage 3d.) Thread, 7d. per skein. Send at once to the Sole Makers, AUTOAWL LTD., 143-144 GUTTERMAN ROAD, LONDON.

THE MOST ASTOUNDING REVELATIONS OF THE WAR.

BEHIND THE GERMAN VEIL

When I Prayed with the Kaiser—By J. M. de Beaufort.

The writer of this series, who is a Hollander by birth, has toured through Germany without passes or permits. Armed only with a letter of introduction to Hindenburg, he bluffed his way into many places where even neutral journalists were barred, and brought back with him a budget of news concerning Germany's internal conditions.



The Kaiser in conversation with one of his Generals at the Eastern front.

WHILE day following my meeting with Hindenburg, a staff officer, Captain Wagner, called at my hotel with a powerful military automobile, with two men seated in front.

Our start was bad.

I almost infuriated my guide. He was a man at least fifteen years my senior, and I treated, or at least tried to insist, on his sitting at my right-hand side. But he would not hear of it, and, finally, in exasperation exclaimed: "Aber ich bitte doch, mein Herr, wir kennen ja unsere Manieren." But I beg you, sir, we know our manners"). Of course, his protests were accompanied by salutes and heel-clicking. "Oh, Lord," I thought, "this is really too much. A representative of a British newspaper arguing with a German officer about precedence."

Well, far was it from me to make him feel bad, and so, amidst the wondering gaze of many bystanders, both military and civil, I took my seat, and off we went towards Insterburg.

The journey itself took us the better part of three hours. Again I had occasion to notice what a bleak, barren, desolate country East Prussia is. One might have imagined oneself somewhere in the prairies of Saskatchewan or any other Western Canadian province in winter-time. Sometimes we drove for miles without seeing any sign of habitation. The roads were very fair, and in most places, though it had been snowing off and on for several weeks, in excellent condition. Large transports of prisoners were the most notable feature of the journey.

On several occasions I stopped the car, got out, and took photographs of some of the prisoners. (I had no permit to take pictures, but what matter. A German military car and a captain in uniform cover a multitude of sins.) I did not pick out any specially striking-looking specimens, but simply snapped the first batch that came along. Goldap—a small East Prussian town of five or six thousand inhabitants—was the first place of any size we encountered. The town Hall was the headquarters for a meeting of the Executive Board of the Fife, Kinross, and Clackmannashire Miners' Association. Mr Wilkie Adamson, M.P., general secretary, reported having had interviews with the Controller and Sir Richard Redmayne, Chief Inspector of Mines, regarding the unemployment and consequent distress in the mining counties. He further stated that arrangements had been made for a meeting on Monday of representatives of masters and men, at which there would be considered the possibility of transferring miners from the land to engage in felling wood for the supply of pit timber, of which there was a serious lack in England and Wales.

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Just outside the churchyard stood one of the German field bakeries, each of them—so I was told—with a capacity of twenty thousand loaves per day. Many pairs of interested eyes, both German and Russian, were keenly watching the operations of the elderly bakers.

Here I saw a different type of prisoner. They had been placed inside the church and churchyard. They stood, knelt, or squatted in little groups around anaemic-looking fires.

Some of them were trying to cook a meal of sorts over the listless flames. What did not like about these prisoners was the haunted expression in their eyes. There was something uncanny about it. Was it fear, or merely uncertainty of the future? Did they wonder what was going to happen to them? Had they perhaps seen, or even experienced, some Hunnish treatment? Perhaps they knew of some comrade, who, too injured to walk, had been knifed by his captors. There was something wrong here. There were not the same type of men I had seen further back on the road to Lotzen and Goldap.

My guide had a brother somewhere in the neighbourhood, and, after many inquiries, he learned—somewhat confidently a spot that could only be reached on foot. He asked whether I would mind being left alone for half an hour, which, of course, I did not in the least. My chaperon apparently thought that I was going to remain in the sleigh, watching and waiting and twiddling my thumbs! He knew better than that. He got back. I saw plenty of men and things that would keep me interested and occupied, and I think I made the best of that half an hour and more.

In one corner of the church stood a number of officers. I glanced round to make sure that there were no Germans in sight, and then walked up to them and introduced myself in French. While, of course, it was impossible to disclose my real identity, I certainly made mention of the fact that I was a neutral journalist. They shook hands very solemnly, bowed stiffly, but seemed—quite naturally—little inclined to cultivate my acquaintance.

The Prisoner's Request.

Only one young man, a lieutenant of one of the Caucasian regiments, as shown by his Golden Fleece Egrip on the shoulder, was more inexperienced, was different. He asked me several questions, and, as my answers seemed to satisfy him, he took a letter from his pocket (curious how it could have been overlooked by the Germans when he was searched), and pointed to a certain paragraph. It was written in French. I read—"I do so much want to be near you. Can you not ask K——— to give me a post in the ambulance train? I am willing to do anything. She is terrible. I miss you so much. I must be near you." The letter was from his wife.

He told me that they had been married about a month before the outbreak of war, and that he had been sent to the front at once. He had not seen her since. I was most immediately. I soon saw what he was driving at, but I noticed that he still hesitated to ask me outright. So I met him more than half way, and asked him whether he would not like to write a few words and say that he was safe, &c., promising him that I should do my best to get it safely out of Russia.

Thanks to German organisation, I was supplied with a little pocket-book carrying envelopes, paper, pencil, &c. I handed the lot upon him, though he protested that he would only need one sheet. But I thought I know a little about those letters to a loved one, that frequently begin with—"Just a few lines," and run into a dozen sheets. The present case was no exception. When I returned after about twenty minutes he handed me an envelope that literally bulged to bursting point. He also entrusted me with his diary, a small notebook, and begged me to peruse it and make use of any parts that I might deem of interest. On the first page of the diary a small photograph was pasted: evidently it had been cut out from a large portrait. It showed the features of a very pretty young woman. She was French, as he confided to me.

The few pages of the diary I read were full of fond love, and tenderness. It seemed as if that boy's heart and soul had slipped through his fingers into those pages, clinging, heart-hunger, love, deeds of bravery, patriotism, every fine human instinct and sentiment expressed in these closely-written lines. I could not read more than a few pages: I felt that it would be sacrilege to continue. I am thankful to say that both letter and diary were safely smuggled out of Germany. I sent them by registered post to Kieff, and I have since had the great satisfaction of hearing that they reached their destination safely.

On our arrival at Lods one Saturday evening we found the place in a great state of excitement. What was up? There are usually three likely answers to such a question in the German war zone—"We shall attack at dawn," "The enemy has broken through," or "The Emperor is coming." This time it was the Kaiser. He was expected the next morning on a short visit to the Army Corps under General Mackensen. He would attend divine service at Kompina.

My experience, a staff captain, soon obtained the necessary permits for "the distinguished neutral journalists and personal acquaintances of Hindenburg." Bright and early the next morning our car took up a "strategic" position near the Warsaw-Stallupönen road.

I was offered the freedom of the special reception platform, but I had some experience of these welcomes, and was taking no chances this time. At one of these affairs, just because I was too inquisitive and wanted to have a good look at the Kaiser at close quarters, I was kept separated from my car until he had had half an hour's start. So, in view of the fact that we had to travel about forty-five miles to get to Insterburg, I stuck to our motor.

The imperial train arrived punctually to the minute. Von Mackensen and his staff were, of course, there to welcome their Chief. Twenty-seven motor-cars—I counted them—including my own, were drawn up alongside the station. There was very little room for the exit—in fact, so near that the chauffeur had to back to make room for the Kaiser's bright yellow vehicle.

Everything went like clockwork. To the sound of hurrahs the Kaiser and Mackensen took their seats in the automobile. It was the seventh in the line. If that fool chauffeur of ours had been a bit more enterprising, and less awed by the sight of his Lord and Master, we might have got immediately behind the Kaiser's car. Think of it! What fun! An English correspondent for two hours next to the Kaiser. But the Prussian chauffeur was too dull to realise his opportunity. He lacked the journalistic touch—"some call it "cheek"—and so we had to be content with second place—i.e., number nine in the procession.

The route from the station through the town to the church—a small road—was lined on the outskirts of the town was lined with boarded Landsturm sentries. The civil population had kept indoors, and stood among them that had special permits.

German flags were displayed in great profusion. I wondered where they all came from. Surely not from Lodz. Quite by accident I subsequently found out. In every well-regulated organisation as the German Empire, the Kaiser, like any other great personage, has a private secretary. They are somewhat on the lines of the advance pressmen of circuses and big shows, only in this case, instead of posters and bills, they carry waggon-loads of flags.

I had by now grown accustomed to the ludicrously small size of the German flag. The villages seemed to consist of snug houses, church and school, and a few left of these, and factory chimneys, telegraph poles and modest wayside shrines. All were kept clean, and were relieved from the snow and ice. And all round us were the inevitable signs of old battlefields, and of the battle that had shattered trees, broken waggons, broken guns of all calibres, field kitchens, ammunition carts, shells, bricks, and other odds and ends of all sorts, and, alas! the familiar simple wooden crosses that had been by regiments of the sands. Here and there one could still distinguish the inscriptions, but in most cases the weather had obliterated every mark of identity.

I had seen many similar sights before, in Belgium, in France, and, latterly, on the Eastern front; but somehow on that still Sunday morning, driving behind and in such close proximity to the man who, in the eyes of competents judges, is held largely responsible for this bloodshed and destruction, it seemed to affect me more strongly than ever before.

I wondered what the man in front was thinking. What would I not have given to be able to read his thoughts at seeing these sad sights. But though I should have liked to have known them, I did not envy him his meditations.

A Scene That Haunts.

Near the small town of Gumbinnen we drove through extensive woods. All pine trees. The sinister depths of the forest seemed to be full of eyes, and, as we passed, the eyes of death and murder enacted in its presence. Small detachments of Russian prisoners, superintended by a middle-aged German officers, were burying the dead, ten of them in a grave. The men stood in the snow almost knee-deep.

When our cars have in sight the Germans, regardless of their chances, run as fast as the deep snow would permit them, towards the road and cheered themselves hoarse till the last car had passed. Then they returned to their terrible labours. That crowd was like one of those ghastly, realistic paintings one occasionally comes across, only a million times enlarged. It positively made one sick to look at.

From Lodz to Lowicz is, roughly speaking, about forty miles, and this distance we covered in just under four hours, which, considering the snowbound roads and the many detours, was not such a bad going. Lowicz lies on the left bank of the Bzura, and was at the time only a few miles from the firing line, near enough to hear distinctly the sound of the guns. It was crammed with soldiers of all arms of the service.

At the "Hindenburg Platz," on the outskirts of the city, the Commander of the Army Corps awaited the arrival of the Kaiser. But, as far as I could see, his speech was cut short by the Kaiser's desire to get on. Now, I am not for long War Lord would give the German people the power and ability to be successful in defending their country, but I do not for a moment believe that would enable them to hold in pawn the foreign possessions which Germany could secure as honourable peace.

The blessing of the troops that followed was another most impressive ceremony. The standards were lowered: Kaiser, officers and men bent their knees and received baredheaded the priest's blessing.

Another Psalm, in which the Kaiser joined, and which ended with "Lord, deliver us," concluded the religious part of the service.

Then a few short commands ran along the lines. Then once more an expectant hush fell over the large assembly—the Emperor was going to speak.

His voice was grave, and not as firm and powerful as one would expect from the All Highest. He spoke for about ten minutes, sentences unfinished. He thanked his soldiers, officers, generals, and assured them of the Fatherland's eternal gratitude. Of course, he spoke of their great ally. "The Army of Hindenburg, in whose name my father and my grandfather have always relied will not desert us, for His Spirit will always guide it into victory and glory for the German people." His concluding sentence was "Our sword, which has never been and will never be broken; they must be brought to their knees" ("niedergezworfen werden").

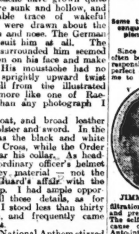
General Mackensen then spoke a few words, after which the regiments formed fours, and paraded past the Emperor. The cavalry and the artillery followed suit, and compete with the distant rumblings of the guns, making the frozen ground shake and tremble.

This is a type of German "humour." A copy of the cartoon hangs in Hindenburg's quarters. It is supposed to represent Britain's Minister for Egypt and Sudan during the Khedive. Figure in foreground represents Sultan of Turkey, ready with a pair of scissors to cut the strings.

NEXT WEEK—
More Amazing Revelations on the Eastern Front.

FOR SERIOUS LIVER, KIDNEY AND RHEUMATIC TROUBLES.
WHY BOXERS NEVER HAVE THEM.
TOLD BY Jimmy Wilde

Some training camp secrets divulged by the all-conquering little Welshman, world's champion at his weight, who has never been beaten at the Lambeth Belt.



JIMMY WILDE.

Since joining the Army gymnasium staff I have often been asked to explain the training methods responsible for my successful career. Particularly perfect state of physical fitness which has enabled me to win five consecutive fourteen-round championship contests within a period of thirteen months.

Well, I am a strong believer in keeping the liver, kidneys, and stomach in perfect working order, and I find Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People a splendid medicine for this purpose. I have often been asked to explain the training methods responsible for my successful career. Particularly perfect state of physical fitness which has enabled me to win five consecutive fourteen-round championship contests within a period of thirteen months.

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LATEST FROM LONDON.

GETTING THE BETTER OF THE PIRATES.

THE NEW DERBY SCHEME SURPRISE.

(By "Post" Special Wire).

London, Saturday Night.

ALTHOUGH Lord Beresford characterised the last Admiralty return of our shipping losses as more misleading than even those which preceded it, there is good ground for stating that our new measures for dealing with submarines are meeting with a very considerable degree of success.

No one suggests now that the problem is now "well in hand." To say that would be an utter exaggeration of the position. But the Germans themselves are admitting that more and more of the boats on which they pin their hopes for a victorious termination of the war are failing to return to port. They disappear and they do not know what has become of them. That is our secret.

Furthermore, it is to be noted from the Board of Trade returns just issued—returns, by the way, which appear as yet to have escaped the attention of the censors—that our food imports show a very big increase for last month as compared with the corresponding month of 1916.

Due allowance must be made for the rise in prices, but it is to be noted that grain showed an increase of one and a half millions, meat imports an increase of four millions, or something like 55 per cent., and non-dutiable goods an increase of six and a quarter millions.

41 to 45: Conscription?

M.P.'s are frankly surprised at the decision of the War Office to start a fresh Derby scheme of recruiting for men between the ages of 41 and 50. It is to be assumed from this that the Ministerial intentions in this particular were not divulged at the secret session.

Nevertheless the disposition is to regard it as a first step towards conscription, at anyrate for men between the ages of forty-one and forty-five. Though it is urged that the taking of men of this age will have to be carried through with great care and discretion.

Men of this age, if they are worth anything at all, usually occupy responsible position, and have heavy family ties. Moreover, many businesses up and down the country have made all their arrangements for "carrying on" on the assumption that they would be able to keep men of forty-one and upwards, and it is pointed out with truth that the withdrawal of even a comparatively small number of these would involve very great disorganisation of the trade and financial interests of the country.

Before compulsion is sanctioned Parliament will certainly demand stronger proof than is yet forthcoming that the younger men have all been exhausted.

The Cabinet and Ireland.

I am told on good authority that before next Thursday the War Cabinet will give further consideration to the Irish question in the light of the South Longford result. It is just possible that the Prime Minister's promised statement will be once again postponed, but this will depend very much on the wishes of the Irish Nationalist leaders.

It is generally understood that Mr John Redmond and his leading colleagues, like Sir Edward Carson and the chief Ulster members, have been placed in possession of the Government's plan. What attitude the Nationalists may be disposed to take up towards it I do not pretend to know, but a section of the party apparently takes the view that the triumph of the Sinn Feiners at South Longford precludes them from committing Ireland either to an acceptance or a rejection of the Ministerial proposals.

It is suggested in some quarters that after the plan has been made public a section of the party should resign in order to test public feeling in different parts of Ireland, in which case there would be a sort of miniature general election on the other side of the St George's Channel.

A feature of the Government's plan is said to be a Statutory Council, representative of all Ireland, to transact all common business between Ulster and the rest of the country—an influence towards unity to which Mr Lloyd George is said to attach great importance.

The Premier's "Secret" Speech

Mr Lloyd George is to be asked next week if he will assent to Mr Asquith's suggestion that he should publish, with some slight alteration, the speech on the war situation which he delivered in the course of the secret session.

If he decides to do so there is little doubt that his decision will meet with general approval, though it is a fact that some politicians appear rather to resent anything tending to reveal to the country that Ministers did not consider it discreet to make any "revelations" when the House was sitting in camera.

The attitude of politicians of this type need not be regarded. There are some men in the House of Commons who positively seem to think that what we are fighting for is a decision as to whether Mr Lloyd George will emerge from the war with a heightened, or an impaired reputation. This is not an exaggeration, but the plain, unvarnished truth.

Many of our legislators are still so steepened in party prejudices that politics with them continue to be far more important than the life and death struggle on which we are engaged, and their concern, sometimes friendly, sometimes hostile, about the political reputation of Mr Lloyd George is merely an illustration of their state of mind.

PROSPECTS OF A NAVAL SURPRISE.

STARTLING SUGGESTION ABOUT GERMANY'S HIGH SEA FLEET.

BY MAURICE PRENDERGAST.

London, Saturday Night.

IT was, I think, the late Sir Boyle Roche, M.P., who was the author of one of the most famous Parliamentary "bulls." He gravely and earnestly confided to Mr Speaker—"Sir, I smell a rat. I see it floating in the air. I will nip it in the bud." Just at present it is rumours, and not rats, which can be observed floating in the air.

Many papers have recently published cryptic hints about a coming great naval surprise. More mysterious admonitions are circulating round the country by word of mouth. But when an attempt is made to nip these rumours in the bud, by securing definite and detailed information, nothing very tangible can be discovered.

A really great naval surprise would mean one of these two things—either an attempt is to be made towards forcing the German Fleet to fight, or some new system is to be adopted for the purpose of breaking up the U-boat warfare. Similar reports have appeared before, but nothing has come of them in the way of practical results. The Germans have rather a fondness for anniversaries, and might appear at sea on May 31, "Jutland Day." But we can best sit on the fence and watch events move by. Perhaps a naval surprise will figure in the procession.

Meanwhile the U boat still holds the centre of the stage as the villain of the piece. After making the necessary corrections by transposing losses to the correct periods, the latest return of shipping casualties is a little more satisfactory than its two predecessors. It does not pay to dogmatise too much about the U-boat warfare, for next week's returns of shipping lost may upset previous calculations. But, taking the latest list, the remarkable feature is the sudden drop in the section devoted to ships above 1600 tons.

Up to April 16 the average weekly loss for this class of vessel amounted to sixteen. Then came a sudden and alarming increase in the rate of mortality for the next two weeks, forty-one and forty-two ships of over 1600 tons being sunk during the weeks ending April 22 and 29. This represented a rise of 160 per cent. above the old average. In the last return the losses in large ships have declined from forty-two to nineteen. In other words, casualties have fallen back to the old average. What does this mean?

A fortnight ago, when the losses jumped from nineteen to forty-one, the hope was expressed in these columns that the increased rate of loss might be only temporary. Had the weekly lists shown a steady and increasing average of vessels sunk, matters would have been much worse. The sudden and tremendous enlargement of mercantile losses seemed to indicate some sudden and intense effort on the part of the U boats, which might as suddenly die away.

A Reserve of U Boats.

This view seems to be confirmed by information lately received in this country. It is said that, at the commencement of last month, the Germans collected every U boat they had at their bases, and sent those craft out in the middle of the month with instructions to be as "hateful" towards shipping as possible. This special effort was made for some ulterior motive, probably connected with internal conditions in Germany.

The enemy accordingly seems able to call on some reserve of U boats in cases of emergency, which he can send to sea at critical periods. One wonders if it would pay the enemy better to try and keep up a fairly high average of piratical results, instead of sandwiching spells of intensive destruction between periods producing only medium results. Early in 1915 the U-boat warfare was highly spasmodic. In one period only two or three ships were attacked, while in the next twenty days thirty or more vessels would be sunk. The regular rise and fall of losses two years ago indicated that the enemy had few submarines. When only one or two vessels were destroyed we knew the U boats were at the bases, and when casualties suddenly went up to twenty or thirty, we divined that the pirates were at sea again.

Now there is no dearth of U boats; on the contrary, their numbers are increasing every month. But the enemy still seems to favour what may be called the Spasmodic System against the method of Steady Averages. Possibly this preference is the outcome of the old German plan of making up on the naval swings what is lost on the military roundabouts. If disasters occur on land, the reserve of U boats can be sent out, and military reverses can be hidden from sight behind a sensational effort by the submarines.

Our Smart Yankee Allies.

Our American friends seem to be in the happy position of having simultaneously discovered three positive antidotes for the submarine menace. At least that is what must be gathered from the reports cabled to this slower-witted country in the last few days. The Navy Department at Washington is said to possess one certain cure. Mr Edison is reported to have devised a second perfect panacea for all the ills the mercantile steamer is suffering from, while a third inventor claims to have perfected a kind of armour which torpedoes and mines will only serve to tickle.

The last-named discovery interests me, for just before the outbreak of war the British Institution of Naval Architects discussed the question of armouring warships against torpedo and mine explosions. The general verdict of our leading warship designers was that the idea was impracticable. Professor J. J. Welch has placed on record his opinion that the pressure created by the explosion of a torpedo under water is so terrific no armour of reasonable thickness could be expected to withstand it. Whatever may have been discovered on the other side of the Atlantic, I do not think that the armouring of ships against torpedoes is going to be the real antidote. What we want is a method to find the U boat; then to kill it is an easy matter. The best defence of our shipping is not armour, but to attack the hostile submarines.

Contributions received this week towards solving the puzzle of submarine slaying are distinctly novel. One person has described to me a most complicated and delicate system of under-water barbed wire entanglements, on which electric bells (or some similar contrivances) would be hung. When the U boat touched the screen at a certain point a certain series of bells or alarms would go off, the anti-submarine craft would rush to the spot, and at once destroy the pirate. Very ingenious, but rather too delicate for practical use. Something similar, but more robust in working form, has already been tried, found successful, and been used for a long time past.

Next comes the idea that vessels searching for submarines should charge their sweeping cables with electricity at a terrific voltage. Submarines running underwater derive their motive power from electric batteries, and it is conjectured that, if the electrified sweep touched them, such a charge would be infused into their hulls, the batteries would break down, the U boat would be disabled from loss of motive power, and would at once rise to the surface for destruction. The crew, too, might also get electrocuted.

I am not enough of a scientist to say if this idea is really worth anything. But I think the shrimps might be considerably shocked and cohorts of herrings electrocuted.

THE "EAT LESS BRIGADE."

Half a loaf, half a loaf,
Half a loaf squandered
Means in the marketing
Someone has blundered;
Means famine grim and gaunt,
To-morrow the land will haunt,
Wasters will come to want,
Homes will be sundered.
Must the historian tell,
That our great Empire fell
Through feeding overwell,
While the guns thundered?

Half a slice, half a slice,
Half a slice wasted,
Left on the pantry shelf,
Stale and untasted;
Lean years ahead of us,
Enemies threatening us,
U boats surrounding us,
Murder and plunder.
Ours not to criticise,
Nor "littles" to despise,
Ours to economise,
Aught else were blunder.

Half a pound, half a pound,
Overmuch eaten,
Means lack of staying power,
Means we are beaten.
Out in the trenches there,
Tommy will do his share,
Perils and dangers dare,
'Mid cannons thunder.
Back up the stand he's made,
Join the "eat less brigade,"
Baffle the pirate's raid,
Or we go under.

CHAS. NESS, Edinburgh.

If any British vessel got mixed up with the sweep by accident in the night things would be quite lively on board till the current was cut off.

It has been noticed that the German artillery on the Western front has lately taken to shelling the back areas of our lines with long-range guns. No definite target seems to be aimed at; the shooting is evidently speculative, and indulged in with the hope that a lucky shot may hit some good target, like an ammunition dump. The guns the Germans are using now have a range up to twenty or twenty-five thousand yards, and are obviously large, high-velocity weapons of naval patterns. So far reports have mentioned that the Huns are employing naval guns of 8.2, 9.4, 11, and 14 inch calibres.

Has the German Fleet Been Disarmed?

The startling question has been put to me, "Have the Germans disarmed their battleships and sent the guns and gunners to the Western front?" It is suggested the Germans have adopted this drastic step for the purpose of levelling up their inferior artillery power against the huge gun energy of the Franco-British armies. It certainly would be a desperate remedy for mending a desperate situation. It would mean that the German Navy would have to abandon the "Grand Strategy" of fleets and Dreadnoughts, that the High Sea Fleet would be dismantled, and all the naval stakes must be placed in the U-boat warfare. Another solution suggests that the German Dreadnoughts and battle cruisers have been rearmed with bigger guns, and their discarded batteries turned over to the army.

The rearmament idea has cropped up more than once during the war. Informed opinion has decided it is impracticable, and our actual experience in fights with the German Fleet have produced no novelties in the way of "surprise guns" on the enemy's side.

I think we may take it, therefore, that the suggestion that the German Fleet has been disarmed for military purposes is not very probable as a fact. Certainly it is to be fervently hoped the enemy has not attempted any such course. If it were attempted, the High Sea Fleet would retire from business for the rest of the war, and might even issue a proclamation announcing that it would observe scrupulous neutrality But when this conflict ends, it could be rearmed, Germany would still have a great fleet, against which we would have to compete once more in shipbuilding.

Our own Grand Fleet does not want the German Battle Squadrons to be disarmed and placed out of action, because it would mean that the Hun High Sea Fleet would never come to sea again while the war lasted. The Grand Fleet earnestly yearns for another meeting with Admirals Scheer and Hipper, because there is a little account to be settled, commencing with the Lusitania, and running up to date with the sinking of hospital ships. Perhaps it may not be so long before our ships obtain the opportunity of their desired interview, in which the chief argument will be lyddite.

Tyrwhitt's Chase.

The Admiralty version of the latest encounter in the North Sea does not afford very much scope for comment. A vague indication is given that the enemy destroyers were met between the English and Dutch coasts, and this is quite inadequate material for attempting to divine the German flotilla's intentions. The German ships found their salvation in a remarkable turn of speed. Although Commodore Tyrwhitt's forces include new ships of exceptionally high speed, no British unit was able to overhaul the German destroyers and bring them to action.

We may, perhaps, be safe in rating the average speed of the German ships at about thirty-five knots or so. As the chase lasted one hour and twenty minutes, it looks as if the scene of the encounter was about seventy five miles from Zeebrugge. It is to be doubted whether the Germans were bent on another raid on the Kentish coast. They were met at four o'clock in the morning, an hour too close to daylight for the nocturnal bombardments they favour. The only other alternatives that suggest themselves for the enemy's motive in making this sally are a scouting expedition or some sudden raid on shipping.

Commodore Tyrwhitt has, of course, figured with much distinction before, but in the earlier stages of the war, so far as public knowledge goes. His name did not appear in any of the published Jutland despatches, and it was once suggested that this officer had lost his life in the mining of the famous light cruiser Arethusa. If such had been the case the Admiralty would have announced the fact. Commodore Tyrwhitt has for a long time past held a very responsible post in connection with the East Coast sections of our fleet.

GALLANT ROYAL SCOTS

RECAPTURE POSITION AFTER GRIM STRUGGLE.

DESPERATE HAND-TO-HAND FIGHTING.

(Exclusive to "The Post Sunday Special.")

London, Saturday Night.

The glorious part played by the Royal Scots (Lothians Regiment) in the recent fighting on the Western front is referred to by an officer well known in the Edinburgh district before the war, but now on staff duties with Lowland Scottish regiments. To a special correspondent he said:—

The Royal Scots are first in number on the roll of the British Army. Since the present war began they have done much to establish their claim to the proud title of "First in Fight," and never more so than in the hard fighting which marks present operations on the Western front.

The Royals moved up towards the fighting line at one stage when our troops were facing the fiercest opposition yet encountered. The battle had raged for the greater part of two days, with varying success. After magnificent heroism certain regiments had been forced to retire from a position of some importance. The Royals were asked to retake it. They advanced to the attack under heavy artillery fire and a persistent hail of machine-gun bullets. After three hours of desperate fighting they were forced back. They only retired a little way, and awaited the time for another try

A Grim Struggle.

Their next advance carried them forward about 130 yards or more, and again they were brought to a standstill They threw themselves down where they were, and held on grimly in face of the very severe fire rained on them by the foe. A counter-attack was delivered at once by the latter. It was met by the Royals with great determination, and after a very severe hand-to-hand struggle the enemy were thrown back, leaving a large number of dead and some prisoners in our hands.

Then the Royals swept forward once more. They fought their way into the German first line position, overcoming fierce opposition, and defeating rush after rush of fresh enemy troops Ultimately the Scots were forced back by greatly superior numbers, but they quickly rallied, and, after changing hands four times, the position ultimately remained with the Scots. There they were subjected to incessant bombardment for over two days, and on the third day had to meet three of the severest counter-attacks I have yet seen on the Western front.

Germans Mad with Rage.

At times the fighting was of the bloodiest character, the Germans being mad with rage over repeated defeats, and anxious to revenge themselves. At one stage of the fight it was so fierce that it raged on a pile of dead which had accumulated in an earlier stage, and it was terrible to see bodies of men engaged in the death grapple over the prostrate bodies of their own comrades. The Germans rushed forward every available man, and, if weight alone had counted, they ought to have smashed the Royals to bits; but the grit of the latter was unmistakable, and they held their ground in spite of everything.

PROSPECTS OF A NAVAL SURPRISE —Continued.

from business for the rest of the war, and might even issue a proclamation announcing that it would observe scrupulous neutrality But when this conflict ends, it could be rearmed, Germany would still have a great fleet, against which we would have to compete once more in shipbuilding.

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LATEST COMMENTS FROM THE WORLD'S PRESS.

The Only Lucky Huns.

The only good luck the Germans have had this year befell those who were taken prisoners.—Toronto Globe.

Good Advice in Few Words

The time has come for Boche haters to take off evening clothes and put on uniforms.—Chicago Tribune.

Effect of Sea Supremacy.

If the British Navy had not won the battle of Jutland the battle of Arras could never have been fought.—Vancouver World.

The Question of the Hour.

The most important question of the hour is, when will the German people become sane and get rid of William?—Boston Globe.

Ladies' Ways.

(The Crown Prince's troops have suffered heavy losses at the Chemin des Dames.)

The Crown Prince takes delight
In ladies' ways, they say,
But through this long, hard fight
He loathes one Ladies' Way.

—Daily Chronicle.

Pull Together.

It is the Allied game to work and pull together to squeeze the life-blood out of a foe which must be beaten in the field and not at the conference table.—Weekly News.

Bewildering.

We are told that the public is becoming "rather bewildered by the piecemeal handling of the food situation." Even the piecemeal handling is bewildering.—London Star.

Merely Talk.

The talk among the uninformed in this country about the Germans being on the point of collapse, worn out, tired of the war, &c., is without any truth or commonsense.—Saturday Review.

A Drop of Comfort.

We are glad to know, in these days of rationing, that there is sufficient rum in the country to last our army and navy for eight years. That certainly is a drop of comfort in these hard times.—Morning Post.

The Secret Session.

Hide-the-truth methods are foreign to the nature of the true Britisher. He does not want to know any secrets about the war, but he does not think that his servant should be told what is hidden from him. — Dundee Courier.

What "Hush" Stands for.

We plead for more information and more discussion. The policy of "hush," lest we inform and encourage the enemy, is in general a cover for the inveterate dislike of officials for taking the public into their confidence.—The Nation.

American Frightfulness.

Some of the 482 New York bachelors who on Monday obtained marriage licenses admitted that their aim is to avoid fighting. May their brides be ardently militaristic and give each of them a daily black eye as a skulker's token.—New York Herald.

Our Naval Policy.

The way to free ourselves from hornets is to destroy the hornets' nests. We are well aware of the dangers and difficulties of such action, but these appear to us to resemble the pleas which timid physicians urge against daring acts of surgery.—Spectator.

Cheering!

All the efforts of the Germans will fail to sink the swarm of small ships which America will send across the Atlantic, not only filled with corn and meal, but equipped with the latest devices for submarine destroying that the inventive mind of the Americans can devise.—Naval and Military Record.

No Evidence.

There is no evidence outside the hectic vapourings of temperance bigots that indulgence in alcohol has prejudiced the output of munitions. On the other hand, there is abundant proof that the high-handed restrictions on the sale of drink has exasperated the working classes to the verge of mutiny.—Outlook.

The Proclamation.

What a pity that King George's literary advisers could produce nothing better for him to sign than the terrible mess of flaccid and turgid phrasing, quite incomprehensible to nine-tenths of his subjects, which is generally supposed to have been a royal exhortation to the realm about food-economy! —New Statesman.

Restoring Stolen Goods.

The answer to all cant against "annexations" is simple; it can be stated almost in a word. We are fighting robbers. Some of the goods Prussia has stolen during the war; some she stole before the war; but if the war does not end with the restoration of stolen goods, in what sense does it end with the rights of all nations secured? —New Witness.

"L.G." as Submarine.

When L.G. really discovers folly he usually drops on it, and it is in the H. of C. alone that he can find out, without eavesdropping, what the departments are doing. . . . Not that I suggest that L.G. should supplant Bonar as leader—not at all—we should miss our Law's Serious Calls—more's very much. No—L.G. should remain submarine, and use Parliament as his periscope.—Truth.

NEW ATTACK ON THE ARRAS FRONT.

ENEMY'S UNAVAILING EFFORTS TO THWART HAIG'S PLANS.

BY GUY L'ESTRANGE.

(OVER "POST" SPECIAL WIRE.)

London, Saturday Night.

SIR DOUGLAS HAIG announces another brilliantly successful offensive on the rras front. Full details are not yet avail-ble, but the British Commander-in-Chief is ble to say that we have gained our objec-ves at all points, and have taken some hun-reds of prisoners.

The new advance has been directed against e main Hindenburg line, and the princi-al fighting appears to have been at Bulle-ourt astride the Arras-Cambrai road. orth of the River Scarpe we succeeded in enetrating the Hindenburg line at Bulle-ourt more than a week ago, and further rogress at this point is the more note-orthy because the Germans have had ple time to prepare for our attack.

What most impresses every close student the war is the deadly rhythm with which r Douglas Haig goes forward. The pro-ress is slow, as it must be, when we are up gainst the main German Army. But the emy's utmost efforts seem to be utterly ailing to disturb the British plan. We ve forward a few hundred, or it may be a w thousand yards. The Germans counter-tack with savage fury, but secure at best ly temporary and local success. Then e moment their attacks begin to die away r Douglas Haig drives ahead again. A sh batch of German prisoners is marched f to the "cages," and one, two, three, or ore of the enemy's defensive positions es into our hands.

Yet in the face of all this you still find me people who are dissatisfied with the re-lts secured, and who are openly suggest-g that the Allied offensive in the West s opened earlier than it should have been. The contention is arguable, of course. By unching our attacks at the beginning of pril we afforded the enemy certain mani-st advantages. The ground had not pro-rly dried up, and hindered the advance of fantry and the movement of heavy guns. ore important still, Von Hindenburg, freed om any anxiety about his line in the East his Italian front, was able to concentrate his available forces against the British nt.

Our Task Simplified.

But let us consider what would have hap-ned if Sir Douglas Haig and General velle had elected to wait for simultaneous fensives on all fronts. It was known that n Hindenburg had succeeded in accumu-ting somewhere in the interior of Ger-ny a very substantial strategic reserve. is force would have been available for an fensive directed either against the French the Italian fronts. For a time at least should have made the enemy a present the initiative.

Nor is this all. One may well ask what ople at home would be saying at this mo-nt if Von Hindenburg had been allowed carry out undisturbed the strategic re-rement all along his lines which he fected so skilfully within the compara-ely limited area of the Somme front.

In these matters public opinion, unin-ucted though it is in respect of military oblems, has a pretty sure instinct, and outcry against a policy which allowed enemy, admittedly inferior now in num-rs and munitions, to carry out his plans thout hindrance would have been so great t the moral consequences might well ve been serious.

t may be argued, of course, that public ling should be ignored if it is ill-formed. But there is nothing to show t in this instance it would have been ill-formed. Apart altogether from the tre-dous losses we have inflicted on the my in killed, wounded, prisoners, and ns we have immensely simplified the task ch still lies in front of our Russian and ian Allies. Furthermore, the time is approaching when Von Hindenburg ll have to bethink himself of his other nts, and he has to prepare for this with s infinitely weaker than he anticipated. lready the Salonika front is awakening m its long winter sleep, and we may ex-t very shortly to hear a resumption of itary activity in other theatres also.

The Reserve Positions.

he clouds which have obscured the posi-n on the Western front are slowly rolling y, and it is possible now to clear up some pprehension which exists about the my's preparations for defence. Much been heard of late about Von Hinden-g's new line from Drocourt to Queant, an idea seems to obtain in some quar-s that the Germans intended to fall back this line automatically when it was com-ted. This is not the case.

Drocourt-Queant line really repre-s a reserve line prepared, or rather con-ted, by Von Hindenburg against the sibility of the loss of the Vimy Ridge. this the old German Field-Marshal showed accustomed foresight. But though he ght it well to prepare against this con-gency of the fall of the Vimy Ridge he very far from taking it for granted, ost of all did he expect this bastion line to fall so swiftly and so dramati-as it did.

this we have the explanation of the s decision to defer the completion of Drocourt-Queant line until the main Hin-burg line, or, as the Germans call it, the ried line, south of Queant was com-ted.

course taken by this Siegfried line is pretty well known, so far at least as the ions south of Queant are concerned. n represents its main bastion in the south, after which it begins to run south-east immediately to the north of the Aisne, and passes half-a-dozen miles or so to the east of Rheims.

It is in respect of the position north of Queant that some confusion of mind has crept in. Von Hindenburg's original intention was to carry the line from Queant to the village of Beaurains immediately to the south of Arras, where it would link up with the original German line embracing the famous Vimy Ridge. The loss of the Vimy Ridge upset all these plans, and showed that Von Hindenburg had done well to prepare a reserve line to the east of his main positions.

Line Not Completed.

Unfortunately for the Germans, and very fortunately for the Allies, this reserve line was not in readiness for the emergency. Though we speak of it as the Drocourt-Queant line the Germans have given it the name of the Wotan line. Pending its completion Von Hindenburg took up his position temporarily on a line which was roughly represented by the road running from Mericourt through Acheville and Fresnoy to Oppy.

On this line some of the most desperate fighting of the past fortnight has taken place, and the importance the enemy attach to it is indicated by the fact that Von Hindenburg threw in two fresh divisions to recapture Fresnoy.

The sacrifices the enemy have made at this point would hardly have been incurred if the Drocourt-Queant line had been completed. Von Hindenburg, by drawing upon his reserves, has been able to impose delay on the British advance, but apparently the time gained has not yet been sufficient to enable the enemy to finish his preparations for defence.

In the meantime, further to the south, the Hindenburg line is more directly menaced by our occupation of Bullecourt, which village may be said to represent the hinge where the Wotan, or reserve line, joins up with the line Von Hindenburg hoped to hold through Beaurains and across the Vimy Ridge.

In other words, we have broken through the original line on the north and east of Arras, and are now engaged in fighting our way forward to the still unfinished reserve line between Drocourt and Queant.

It is estimated that, in order to hold up the British advance, Von Hindenburg has been forced to send 170 divisions to the Western front, and probably not far short of a hundred of these are engaged in defending the Hindenburg line. Thus something like a million men are now concentrated on the 150-mile front over which the battle is raging from Lens in the north to Rheims in the south.

Close Co-Ordination.

Not the least satisfactory aspect of the news of the last few days is the evidence afforded of complete co-ordination between the British armies in the north and the French armies in the south. General Nivelle is now in complete possession of the famous Chemin des Dames, which represents the Hog's back of the Craonne plateau.

Whether he is able to turn this to immediate advantage or whether he is content to hold on until he sees his opportunity of penetrating still deeper into the German line, it is manifest that the French commander is now in possession of positions which at any time may menace the enemy's communications with the Meuse.

And it has to be constantly remembered that the Allies in the West are at present confronting Germany at her strongest moment. Von Hindenburg may not always be in the position to spare 170 divisions for the Western front. We are now getting well into the month of May, and a revival of activity on other fronts may be confidently expected in the near future.

The Russian front will be the last to move, and Von Hindenburg has possibly taken advantage of this to transfer divisions from the East to the West. But he will have to return them in due course, and though the drying up of the ground is delayed later in the extreme north than in Galicia, his Eastern front cannot much longer be neglected by the enemy.

The Austrians, too, will very speedily have to reckon once more with the activities of General Cadorna, whilst on the Salonika front it is not to be imagined that the French and Italians in the Monastir region and the British in the Struma Valley will remain idle very much longer. Without pretending to any knowledge of General Sarrail's plans, it is manifest that climatic considerations will speedily suggest an advance in this region.

The Russian Problem.

Despite the heavy strain imposed on his reserves by the Allied offensive in the West, many people are still speculating about the possibility of Von Hindenburg endeavouring to launch an offensive against the Russians in the East. The temptation to him to do so must be very great, in view of the unsettled condition of affairs in Russia since the change of Government was effected.

It is not in Von Hindenburg's temperament to sit down tamely to the defensive, and if he sees any possibility whatever of a successful advance on Petrograd there can be little doubt that he will snatch at the opportunity. Berlin appears to be still hoping that the new provisional Government may conclude a separate peace.

Present indications do not point that way, though the recent crisis may suggest the desirability of certain changes in the personnel of the new Government. But Von Hindenburg may think that the peace movement in Russia might be materially quickened if his armies were to march on the capital.

Nevertheless, the lengthening of his communications in the East which this would involve would present a very serious problem in view of Germany's diminishing resources in man-power. The possibility of a German offensive in the East ought not to be ruled out of the allied calculations, though Von Hindenburg finds his hands so full on the Western front that the chances of such development appear to diminish week by week.

If Sir Douglas Haig was not bent on deceiving the enemy when he spoke his mind so freely in his famous interview with the French journalists early in the year, we may assume, moreover, that the tendency will be for the area of the fighting on the Western front to extend rather than to diminish.

HUNS' WILFUL BLINDNESS.

"BRITISH COLD" IN GERMANY.

DISCONTENT ABOUT UNEQUAL RATIONS.

(Specially Contributed.)

The following extract from the Berliner Tageblatt indicates that the "German system" is not the well-oiled machine the Hun would have us believe; and gives a little insight into conditions of life in Berlin at present:—

The distribution of the most important foodstuffs in Great Berlin gives rise to much just complaint, and the unequal division of supplies in the different quarters of the town is increasing the nervousness and discontent of the people.

For example, in numerous bakeries in Central Berlin the baking of white bread has been very irregular, and has now almost ceased, while in Spandau, Potsdam, and other districts it is to be had as usual, while in most of the suburbs of the town, to the great joy of the inhabitants, four eggs per week are being supplied per egg ticket.

In Steglitz and Lichterfeld only one egg is available, and in Zehlendorf there are none at all. Meat and sausage rations are also unequal, some meat cards receiving 500 gramm of sausage, while others are only supplied with 250 gramm on the same ticket.

It is to be hoped that an approximate equality of rations will be instituted, as the present state of arrangements are simply asking for trouble.

Enemy Secret Agents.

All the political and industrial discontent and unrest throughout Germany is, I observe, put down by the Huns to the work of secret enemy agents. They refuse to recognise in it a sign of the times, and an ardent demand for reforms by the leading spirits of the nation.

As proof positive of their wilful blindness we have the following intimation in the Hamburger Fremdenblatt:—

3000 MARKS REWARD.

Our enemies are at work trying to awaken discontent and strife among the German nation. Germany is to be cheated of the fruits of her victories so dearly bought by the blood and sacrifice of our men. It is the bounden duty of every German subject to watch and unmask such agents in the pay of the enemy.

These spies do their treasonable work secretly, under the cloak of good German burgers, political agitators—yes, even disguised as our faithful "field greys." Anyone who brings such a criminal to justice will receive the above reward.

Diplomatic Hide-and-Seek.

The Social Democratic organ Vorwaerts, is causing Herr von Bethmann Hollweg some anxiety. More poetically than kindly it compares the living Chancellor with the dead body of Patrocles, over which such a bitter fight ensued. It goes on:—

A clear decision of the political leadership in Germany is imperative, or the confidence and trust of the German nation will be shaken to its foundations.

Either the Government must have the courage to retract all their announcements up till now, both to Germany and to the Entente. They must have the courage to say that they will not renounce annexation of Belgium, North France, Courland, Poland, and milliards of war indemnity, although the war were to last ten years longer until final victory, or they should have the courage to fulfil what they have promised—a new voting system and other reforms, and clearly declare that Germany is ready for peace. The Chancellor's policy of small concessions and diplomatic hide-and-seek cannot go on.

FOUND ON THE BATTLEFIELD.

Does anyone recognise the original of this photo found on the Western front?

NEW ATTACK ON ARRAS FRONT—Ctd.

THE GERMAN HOSTS IN HOLLAND.

CRAFTY SCHEMES BEING HATCHED BY THOUSANDS OF SPIES.

BY JOHN C. VAN DER VEER, London Editor of the Amsterdam Telegraaf.

(EXCLUSIVE TO "THE POST SUNDAY SPECIAL.")

THE other day a prominent Dutchman said to me in rather indignant tones—"Years ago The Hague seemed a French town. The French language was used for conversation at the Court and in society, where French culture, literature, and fashions were in vogue. How different is the high life to-day in our residential town. Now German is spoken most in fashionable circles at The Hague, and German kultur is largely worshipped there. That different atmosphere there has become highly uncongenial to me," sighed my compatriot. And his feelings are shared by the best of our nation.

Is that transformation at The Hague surprising? To me not at all. I do not hesitate to ascribe it to the advent of a German Prince at the Dutch Court. Queen Wilhelmina married in 1901 the young Duke of Mecklenburg, whom the Dutch States General gave the title of Prince Henry. That marriage was, undoubtedly, one of the Kaiser's political moves, but I hasten to add that it never changed H.M Queen Wilhelmina personally. As a child brought up by an English nurse, wisely selected by the Queen Mother Emma, who is very popular in Holland, Queen Wilhelmina never liked German stiffness and haughtiness, and she became a warm admirer of French culture. To-day she is pro-Dutch to the backbone.

A typical instance of Prince Henry's feelings became notorious in Holland. At the beginning of the war, when the Kaiser's legions were "hacking" their way through Belgium, he frequently went to the farthest southern point of Holland in the province of Limburg, to talk over the frontier with German officers, his former brothers in arms. Although going there in his function as President of the Dutch Red Cross, everybody in Holland understood quite well that his German heart gave it the real impetus. And as the German atrocities in Belgium had fiercely enraged Dutch feelings, his frequent visits to the frontier caused an outcry in our independent newspapers. The Queen quickly stopped these visits of her Consort, who afterwards behaved more correctly.

Permeated With German Sympathies.

The Dutch national anthem, significantly called "Dutch Blood," begins with the lines—

"Whom Dutch blood dashes through the veins,
Of foreign mixture free."

To sing this fervently and be at the same time loyal to a foreign Prince is rather difficult for Dutch patriots. No one will, of course, blame the Consort of Queen Wilhelmina for his origin, and even for his German feelings. It is but natural that in this war his feelings should go out to the land he hails from. Blood is thicker than water. But is it not just as natural that true-born Dutch patriots cannot be sincerely attached to a German Prince, especially in view of the fact that his advent at The Hague led to a marked transformation of the social, if not the political, atmosphere there?

This consequence was inevitable. Athens would never have become a hotbed of pro-German intrigues during the war but for a German Queen on the throne of Greece. Neither would The Hague be to-day permeated with German sympathies and crowded with Germans but for the presence of a German Prince.

The following is another striking coincidence. Prince Henry is president of the Royal Dutch Agricultural Society. I am not accusing, or even suspecting, him of having used that position to further German interest. I am only noting facts, and it is notoriously true that Dutch farmers have during the war been most eager to sell to Germany their produce, their cattle, and the horses which they breed.

The easy transport to Germany and the high prices which she pays are undoubted important factors, but they cannot be the only ones. For those 'cute Dutch farmers must have realised fully that by selling ever so much more to Germany, which was before the war not their best customer, and by selling infinitely less to Great Britain, once their best customer indeed, they were with open eyes endangering their market in this country. But is it not quite natural that they did what could best please the president of their society in his heart?

The Dutch farmers and exporters have earned during the war so much money by their trade with Germany as to make a Liberal member of the Dutch Legislative Chamber say there, on April 12, that the loss caused by the war to Dutch national wealth was, "roughly taken, made good by the war profits." Germany nevertheless, did not want to let our producers and traders earn too much of her shaken wealth. In order to regulate the prices of Dutch foodstuffs exported to Germany she established at The Hague a Central Buying Bureau official agent of the German Go charge. That bureau has it Holland, to buy Dutch prices. It is a rem tion in our Roya

Less than Bernhardi his note Next W "Our Kaiser bute I many wh

trade:—"It must be remembered that a large part of the British foreign trade is done by German firms, the profits of whose enterprise adds to the national wealth of Germany."

That went on for many years before the war in Great Britain and in British dominions, which were attacked or threatened by the weapons Germany forged silently for years with the profits German firms made within the British Empire. The same is happening to-day still in Holland. The trade done there by numerous German or mixed German-Dutch firms, profits also "the national wealth of Germany," and supplies her with weapons for an eventual attack on Holland. Meanwhile they are disgracing our country into the bargain. That fact makes any patriotic Dutchman wild with indignation. But our people should not be blamed for that black spot on their national life. The blacklisted firms are mainly Germans, if not entirely in the hands of Germans.

I repeat, our people fully realise the German danger in their midst. Our Government must know it, too, but they have allowed it. Dutch ports are invested by German spies, eager to pick up any information from arriving Dutch sailors and fishermen. They let no opportunity slip away to prey even into the military secrets of our country. It is, of course, done in a roundabout manner, which makes their detection difficult. But some German spies have during the war been run in by our authorities.

The spying business was made more extensive by the arrival of numerous German deserters in Holland. They first came singly, then in pairs, lately in scores. A commanding Dutch officer said recently to a representative of our paper:—"It is not unlikely that the German authorities actually promote desertion from their army. Not only because those deserters relieve Germany from so many mouths to feed, but they may go to Holland with definite objects of spying." The deserters are usually elderly or physically weak men, although there are some strong and enterprising men among them. It means very little for Germany to lose a couple of thousand soldiers, if they can be useful in a neighbouring neutral country. And whatever drives the Germans to Holland, they are there, potential enemies, as servants of their Kaiser.

Crafty Schemers.

Many wealthy or well-to-do Germans have gone to Holland, where they find still more and better food than over the border. And while looking in our country after their own comforts, they serve at the same time the Kaiser, whose cause they propagate by entertaining Dutch fashionable and commercial folk.

That entertaining business is part of the German propaganda in other countries. It was done in Great Britain up to the outbreak of the war. I knew one of those entertaining German propagandists in London. His name is Baron von der Heydt. Nominally, he was a banker in the city. As a bachelor he occupied a luxurious flat near Park Lane. There he entertained lavishly, gave dinners, and invited fashionable ladies to his bridge parties. He was a charmer—not a haughty Prussian, but an attractive personality—the very man for his job, under supervision of the notorious Herr von Kuhlmann, the Chancellor of the German Embassy in London and its prime mover. Baron von der Heydt entertained so lavishly in the West End of London that he seemed a very wealthy man. Afterwards it appeared that he had very little money of his own. He was the paid entertainer of the German Legation, just as Herr von Kuhlmann was its paid hoodwinker, and with both of them was connected Dr Hans Plehn, the London representative of the official German Wolff Bureau, as paid journalistic propagandist.

After the war and when Von Kuhlmann became German Minister at The Hague, he carried on there the same business with Baron von der Heydt and Dr Hans Plehn. Von Kuhlmann originated the idea to bring hungry German children to Holland to recuperate and at the same time to show "how wicked" the British were to starve the "poor German children." His scheme to bring some twenty thousand children to Holland was timeously nipped in the bud by our paper. But by hundreds German children have come regularly to Holland, there to recuperate in a manner of which our own children are deprive hungry German children ha the cause of the Kaiser in

To counteract that Dutch ladies and recuperatio parts of pe

ORIGINAL DEFECTIVE

THE SECRET SUBMARINE

By RIDGWELL CULLUM.

An After the War Story Called by the Author "The Men Who Wrought."

"Vita stopped dead, her heart pounding out the alarm which had suddenly possessed her. Voices, men's voices, had reached her." (A scene from a future instalment.)

THE BEGINNING OF THE STORY.

Prince Stanislaus Hertzwohl, who perfected the German submarine, gives away the secret of a big submersible to

Ruxton Farlow, a young British Cabinet Minister. Farlow accepts the inventor's offer of a trip on board the constructed vessel, and is shown Germany's great secret arsenal at Borga. The Prince introduces Ruxton as his nephew, "Von Bersac," to Von Salzinger, the military governor of Borga.

Von Salzinger is sent on a private mission to London, and meets Vita, the Prince's daughter, with whom he is in love. Vita discovers that Von Salzinger suspects the loyalty of her father and his association with Ruxton Farlow.

Ruxton has induced his father and the Government to construct big submersibles according to the Prince's plans. Finding that he is being kept under surveillance, the Prince makes his escape from Germany by submarine, and Ruxton takes him to the shelter of his father's home.

Ruxton is stunned when he learns that Vita has been kidnapped, and a further blow awaits him when he receives a telegram stating that there has been an explosion at Dorby, in which the drawing offices have been completely wrecked.

A Means of Escape.

IN the valley of Bar Leighton the climatic pendulum had swung again. A radiant sort of Indian summer seemed to have definitely set in. Now the sun was shining, and fleecy clouds swept along the bosom of a brisk south-easterly breeze.

But the sinister genius of the place remained unchanging. It would have been optimism of a superlative order to claim that Prince von Berger ever really changed. For those in contact with him it was impossible to believe him capable of warmth or feeling. Even Ludwig von Salzinger, whose human feelings were of a grosser, baser type, regarded him as a mere mechanism, inspired by some brilliant detached evil genius. He had no love for him, contact with him depressed him, and his prevailing emotion was one of fear.

Von Berger turned from the table at which he was sitting. He passed a long document across to Von Salzinger, who was standing before the log fire crackling in the great dining-room fireplace. The Prince had read it through from beginning to end. He had read it again, and then again, so that its contents had almost been committed to memory. Von Salzinger accepted it in a silence which was the effect of his superior's example. And, still following that example, he read it through with the closest attention. Meanwhile Von Berger's dispassionate gaze was turned upon the brilliant sunlight pouring in through the wide and lofty window, which opened out upon a vista of parkland and rolling grass.

It was a written report from Johann Stryj, and it had been delivered that morning by hand.

"By the time this report reaches your Excellency the completion of our plans of destruction will have been reached. They will have been put into operation. The drawing office, where all plans and designs are locked in a strong-room, has been a simple enough matter to arrange. One of our agents works in that department. The development there is timed for 6 a.m. on the morning you will receive this. It is certain—certain as anything human can be.

"With regard to the docks and slipways there has been greater difficulty, infinitely more so, since these are under direct official control. However, we have seven agents amongst the operatives, and three of our different points of attack are under the immediate forcmanship of Heuferman himself, upon whom I wish to report most favourably. The explosions here are to be synchronised with the others.

"In the case of the other matter I have a less satisfactory report to make. Our man certainly landed somewhere on the coast in this region. He was certainly traced to one night's shelter at a certain house, of whose identity your Excellency is aware. The house was penetrated and searched, but the man has taken his departure. There is a possibility he has made his way to London, and our agents there are using every endeavour to trace him. I have as yet received no report from them. My own impression, not based upon evidence, is that he is concealed in our own neighbourhood. If this be so I hope later to have a good report to make on the matter to your Excellency.

"The movements of the Englishmen are simple to follow. They are both closely watched. The elder remains here attendant upon the work of construction. He is in our hands at any moment, at your Excellency's commands. The younger, too, can be dealt with effectually. He passes frequently between here and London, and at both ends, and on the journey, he is closely observed. It has now been ascertained that he is working with Scotland Yard in the interests of the woman. But on the result of this combination I have instructed the man on the spot to report himself directly to your Excellency, in accordance with your orders. I understand, however, and would call your Excellency's attention — most earnest attention—to the matter that three of our men in that neighbourhood are closely shadowed by men from Scotland Yard. Consequently their services are denied us. These men can be relied on, of course, to give no information, but it points the energy behind the search for the woman and the direction of the suspicions aroused.

"My next report to your Excellency I hope will be on the result of our endeavours here.

"Your obedient servant,

"K 1."

Von Salzinger raised his eyes from the paper. They encountered the profile of the Prince. He regarded it for some moments without friendliness. Then he changed his expression to one of official cordiality.

"Stryj is a capable man," he hazarded.

The reply came without a change in the direction of the Prince's gaze.

"He seems successful in the things of lesser importance. Von Hertzwohl has slipped through his fingers. He may be capable. We shall see. But we want the—body—of Von Hertzwohl. This man has made no attempt to communicate with his daughter—yet. Do you know what that means. I doubt if you do. It means that your first visit to her alarmed them. It warned the Prince, through this man Farlow, that there was danger. You, with your attempt at liaison, are responsible for that. Perhaps that will appeal to your — imagination. Herr von Salzinger, you have made two mistakes. The second is more serious than the first. If we do not secure the person of this man you will be recalled to Germany."

The calmness with which he spoke robbed his words of none of their significance. With his final pronouncement his cold eyes were turned full upon his companion, searching his gross face with a glance of inflexible resolve.

Von Salzinger's spirit was tame. But the lash and unjust condemnation goaded him.

"Discipline must be observed, Excellency," he said, with a thickness which warned the other of the effect of his words, "If I am recalled, then I must obey. But it is the authority in Berlin which is to blame for his escape. I came here to track this other, Farlow, and the work at his yards. Von Hertzwohl was still in the Baltic when I visited the Princess. There was no suggestion at the time that the Berlin authority would be sufficiently blundering to permit his escape. It would be more just to find the scapegoat amongst those who were responsible in Berlin. I submit that this matter was in your department, Excellency, of which you are the sole head."

Von Berger's reply came with a flicker of the eyelids.

"Those who are responsible for acts which jeopardise the ends of the Fatherland will reap the consequent punishment—whoever they be. No distinction will be made. That is the discipline of our country, Herr von Salzinger." Then he pointed to a chair.

The other accepted the silent order. But it was with an ill grace. Von Salzinger, for all his discipline, was no weakling. At that moment he was ready to rebel against the iron rod which Von Berger wielded. It would have required but one more sting to set the man's headstrong passions loose, whatever, in the end, it might have cost him.

But the Prince was alive to the danger signal. His understanding of human nature was something more than a study—it was an instinct. A secret purpose lay behind his charge. The value of the terror of authority upon a Prussian subject was well understood by him, and none knew better than he that rank and position afforded no emancipation from its peculiar claims. The danger signal, however, warned him that in the present case he was dealing with a man of hot passion and physical bravery. To gain full effect for his charge he must not jeopardise [illegible] purpose [illegible] risking an outbreak of pas-

[illegible] facing each other. The [illegible] Salzinger would not [illegible] gave no sign. [illegible] self as always, [illegible] ster of the posi- this man.

[illegible] to us is a [illegible] of our [illegible] slowly. [illegible] must [illegible] must be [illegible] plainly. That is why you have indiscreetly permitted your anger to get the better of you. Now you must listen to me while I show you how we can achieve that which Berlin has failed to do, and which this man Stryj has failed to do. I mean lay our hands upon Prince von Hertzwohl. The woman upstairs has been condemned to death."

"To—death?"

The square figure of Von Salzinger was erect, and his eyes were alight with a horror unusual to him. Then his feelings subsided under incredulity. "But that is a threat—merely."

Von Berger shook his head.

"It is a reality. She will die, if we do not get her father. It is part of my plan for trapping him. The news of her death will be whispered through certain channels which we know will convey it to him—wherever he be. Listen, this is the plan, and this is the work which will be assigned to you."

Half an hour later the Prince rose from his chair and crossed to the window. He stood with his back towards his companion. He had talked long and earnestly in his cold, even voice. Now he waited.

"Well?" he said at last, looking round at the still recumbent figure behind him. "That is the duty allotted to you. You accept the position?"

For answer Von Salzinger sprang to his feet. His face was purple with shame. The diabolical nature of the plan had sunk deeply into the half-savage heart of the man and found some grains of genuine manhood there. Even he was revolted, and the habit of discipline tottered and crumbled.

"No! By God, no!" he cried, with a savage clenching of his fists.

Von Berger remained gazing at the autumn scene.

"Think again."

But no answer was forthcoming. Von Salzinger's attitude remained, only now it seemed as if his clenching fists were a threat to the man at the window.

"Think again, Herr von Salzinger. Berlin gives no second chance."

The frigidity of the words became a threat that was insupportable. Von Salzinger was a Prussian. Self-preservation counted for him before all things. He saw every hope that had ever been his slipping from his tenacious grasp. To refuse—to refuse. He knew all it meant. He must accept or—kill this man.

His clenching fists relaxed.

"Very good, Excellency. If those are my orders I must execute them."

"Those are your orders."

Von Berger had turned about, and Von Salzinger beheld that terrible gleam in his eyes which Vita had once so painfully witnessed.

Von Salzinger spent a bad evening with himself, and a worse night.

Curiously enough, this man regarded himself as not only a man of honour, but chivalrous towards women. How he arrived at the latter conclusion was one of those miracles of psychology which are beyond the understanding of the human mind. To him woman was weaker than the man whose plaything she was set on earth to become. Man's will must be her law. She possessed no rights of her own. Man's strength to enforce his will on all weaker vessels was the only right he could understand. Then woman, in the nature of things, must be intended as his plaything.

But Von Salzinger drew the line hard and fast at the limits of this understanding. Woman must be protected from physical harm and discomfort by the man whose plaything she became. As soon would he deem it right to treat ill any other of those things in life which gave him pleasure.

The plan of Von Berger, and the cruel nature of the work assigned to him, had outraged all his ideas of his peculiar form of chivalry. To condemn Vita to death, and wilfully carry out the sentence, failing the success of their plans, was an unthinkable and useless cruelty which he felt he could not take part in. It was brutality run mad, he told himself.

So he endured a painful and troubled night as he revolved in his mind the diabolical scheme which Van Berger had unfolded to him.

He contemplated disobedience. Yes, he contemplated defying the terrible power which Von Berger wielded so ruthlessly. But the consequence of such defiance left him panic-stricken, albeit unconvinced. He searched for a way out. But every mode of egress seemed barred to him. Every one except—— She was so very, very beautiful.

A tempting thought possessed him, and surged through the thickly-flowing channels of the animal in him. The temptation grew and grew, and with each passing hour it more surely took possession of all that was most obstinate in him. He was yielding to it. He knew. He left Von Berger out of his calculations, he left all thoughts of the purposes of his Government out and thought only of himself, and this new temptation which dangled before his greedy eyes. Should he yield to the temptation?

His mind went back again of a sudden to the man, Von Berger, whom he knew he hated as much as he feared. It seemed so hopeless to oppose him, hopeless to oppose Berlin. Yet he felt he ought to. Then his thoughts flew again to Vita, and conjured visions of her perfect charms—and so he fell asleep.

Vita's days and nights had become one long nightmare of terror. The terror for herself had undermined all her confidence for her father, and in her lover's ability to succour. The hours of racking thought since learning the fate awaiting herself left her beautiful face drawn, and her spirit bowed and crushed. There was no hope anywhere.

The torture she endured was insupportable. Every moment of the day she was watched either by the hard-faced matron of the place or by her own maid, Francella. She had railed at the latter, she had appealed to the former. But in neither case had she elicited the smallest spark of sympathy.

The matron had merely shrugged her broad shoulders.

"You would sell our Fatherland to an enemy. You are not fit to live," she had said with a coldness which none can display more effectively than a woman.

In Francella she met only the heartless cruelty of a servant who finds it in her power to rend a late mistress.

"Some day I take my children to the grave of the woman who would have betrayed our country, and I make them spit upon it."

So Vita was left to nurse her terror in the awful solitude and silence of the splendid halls of this isolated mansion.

How long she might have borne it and retained sanity is doubtful. It surely could not have been long. With the smallest gleam of sympathy it might have been possible to endure. But there was no sympathy. The gloom of her outlook from her windows, the awesome grandeur of her rooms, the cold antagonism of those who waited upon her as prison warders—all these things aggravated her trouble, just as they were calculated to aggravate.

Then in the very depths of her despairing misery there suddenly shone out a vague, flickering light of hope. It was no less than a stealthy and secret visit from Ludwig von Salzinger. It came in the night. Vita had abandoned sleeping at night, fearing lest the murder would be committed during the hours of darkness. She had allowed her imagination to run riot till she almost came to fear her own shadow.

She was sitting in an upright chair. She was gazing straight before her with eyes staring upon the door.

Such was her terror of the night that she had been reduced to this impotent watching. Her thought was teeming, going over and over again every horrible fancy a distorted brain could conjure. Then suddenly, in the midst of it all, she started. Her straining eyes dilated. She leapt from her seat and sprang behind her chair, grasping its back, prepared to defend herself. The door was slowly and silently opening.

Widely ajar it stopped. The next instant a head was thrust round it, a square head with a shock of close-cut hair. The woman breathed a sigh, but remained ready to defend herself. She had recognised Ludwig von Salzinger.

The man recognised her attitude, and signed to her to remain silent. His warning had instant effect. Vita drew another sigh, and her grip upon the chairback relaxed. With eyes wide with doubt and fear she watched the man's movements. They were stealthy and secret.

He thrust the door further open. Quickly and silently he stepped into the room. Then, with the door still ajar, he gazed back cautiously down the corridor beyond, in both directions. Having satisfied himself, he closed the door with the greatest care and came towards her.

"If you speak," he whispered, "don't raise your voice, or—we shall be overheard."

"What have you come for?" demanded Vita, nevertheless obedient to his caution.

"Why, to get you out of this," he said quickly. "Do you think I can stand by while that devil Von Berger does you, a woman, to death? You, the woman I love — have always loved? God! I hate that man," he added, and an unmistakable ring of truth sounded in his final words. "Look here, Vita, I'm part of this diabolical machinery, I know; I can't help it; but to submit to the murder of a woman—you—God! I can't do it—if it costs me my own life. Oh, yes, I know what you'll think. You know the discipline. You know that I was forced into assisting in bringing you here, under orders I dared not disobey. I know all that, and you must think of me as you will, but I love you madly—and I'll not consent to anything that threatens your life. I tell you, I've done with it all—all—our country. I'm going to get out of it all and flee to America, and—take you with me. You'll come with me? Say you'll come with me, and together we'll outwit this devil of a man. You've done nothing, nothing on earth to warrant the punishment he's preparing for you. Your father—that's different. But you—you—oh, it's horrible. Ach! I could kill that man when I think of it, and all he has said to me yesterday of his devil's plans."

While he was speaking it seemed to Vita that it must be some angel talking disguised in the angular, hard exterior of this Prussian. Every nerve in her body which had been straining seemed suddenly to have relaxed. It seemed as though years of suffering had been suddenly lifted from her poor tortured brain. She recalled how from the beginning she had thought that if hope there were for her it must lie in this very Von Salzinger, who had been disgraced through her father's and her agency. She gazed upon him now in wonder, and was half inclined to weep with gratitude and relief.

But she restrained herself. And quite suddenly she remembered something else. She remembered the man who claimed her love, and she remembered the love this man was now offering her. The relief of the moment changed to doubt, and, finally, to a renewed despair.

There was only one course open to her, and she adopted it frankly and without restraint. She shook her head.

"I—honour you for the sacrifice you would make, but I'm afraid it's useless. Besides, I feel it would be impossible to defeat these people. I must tell you, and by doing so I may lose for ever your goodwill. I do not love you. All the love I have to give has passed from my keeping——"

"Ruxton Farlow." There was a sharp, brutal ruthlessness in the manner in which Von Salzinger broke in.

Vita shrank at the tone.

"Yes," she said, "I love Ruxton Farlow, and have pledged myself to be his wife."

"Wife?" There was a smile in the man's eyes which did not conceal his jealous passion. "What chance have you of becoming his wife? One. There is only one chance—your escape from here. Your escape from here can only be contrived by me. Am I—I going to risk my life, and all my future, to hand over the woman I love to—Ruxton Farlow? Vita, I am only a man—a mere human man. I will risk all for you. I will dare even the vengeance of Von Berger if you but promise me. But no power on earth can make me stir a hand to deliver all I care for in the world to—Ruxton Farlow."

The frank, ruthless honesty of the man's denial was not without its appeal to Vita. She even smiled a faint, gentle smile.

"It is as I said—useless. It is only as I could have expected. I could not have it would be otherwise. I love Ruxton Farlow."

"Whom you can never hope to see again." Again came that savage crudeness of manner which Vita recognised as part of the man. Then his eyes lit with a deep, primitive passion. "Oh, yes, I must seem brutal, a devil, like that Von Berger. Maybe I am, but I can see plain sense. In less than a week you will die here, murdered. How I can only guess at. Von Berger knows no mercy. Your father is surrounded at Dorby and will suffer a similar fate. All their plans and schemes will be frustrated."

"Vita," he went on, lowering his voice, "I have a plan whereby I can save you both—your father and you. Think of him, that great, if misguided man, who has lavished a world of affection upon you, and to whom you are more than dear. Can you let him die? Think how he will die under Von Berger's hands. I tell you, Vita, better endure the agony of death at the hands of a common murderer a hundred times than be left at the mercy of that man. Even the torture of the old Inquisition would be preferable. He has neither soul nor conscience. And what does it mean to me—this safety for you both? It means the sacrifice of your love for this Englishman. Is it so great a sacrifice when it can never be fulfilled? A passing dream which must end in the tragedy of your murder. You say you have no love. I ask for none. Love will come. I will teach you a love which this Englishman could never have inspired. And I can give you back your life, and your father's life, in the great country across the Atlantic. Every detail of my plans are complete, but it must be now or never. Do you still refuse?"

The woman's eyes were yearning. A great struggle looked out of their great depths into the passion-lit eyes of the man. The hope, oh, the hope of it all! But the price was the price of all that a woman looks forward to in life.

"Do you swear to me that my father shall be saved?" she demanded, and in a low tone which thrilled to jubilance every sense in the man's body.

He flung out his arms.

"He shall leave this country with you. The fulfilment of your solemn word shall not be required of you till you are both safe across the water. If we fail—then you have sacrificed nothing. Can I say fairer? Can you doubt my honesty of purpose after that? Ach! it maddens me with alarm and impatience to see you hesitate. For your own safety—life. For me I risk all—everything for a wife who has no love to give me. If I fail your present lot is nothing to what mine will be. If I hate Von Berger he has no love for me, and—he is not human."

But still Vita hesitated. It was not that she doubted this man, though she knew she had little enough reason to trust him. It was the love for the man of her choice, holding and claiming her.

What was life without this love of hers? No, it was nothing. Would it matter if the murder came upon her and left her cold? No. It would even be preferable to the life of terrible regret which Von Salzinger offered her. Her father—she caught her breath. It was the one thought which her love could not cast aside. It was in her power to save him—if she would.

The struggle went on. It shone in her eyes, it was displayed in the panting rise and fall of her bosom. The appeal of it was too great. To leave him to his fate would be the vilest selfishness.

She looked up. A burning excitement shone in her eyes.

"Can you communicate with my father?" she asked.

The man shook his head.

"Then how can you—save him?" she demanded sharply. "I do not know where he is, and if I did wild horses would not drag his whereabouts from me—even for the purpose of saving his life."

But her words did not offend.

"You do not trust me," returned the man, with a tolerant shake of the head. "I cannot blame you either. I must prove my sincerity—later. Meanwhile the matter is simple enough. Give me your solemn word that you will become my wife as soon as we safely land across the water, you, your father, and me. Then I will show you——"

For another few moments the struggle in Vita's heart went on. Now it was a battle of doubt and credulity. All other fears had yielded in that earlier struggle. Dare she trust this man? Dare she? But she was asking nothing until their safety had been assured. His seemed the greater risk. Unless this were some diabolical plot which the superior, Von Berger. She could not see it out. Reason was beyond her. Her father's safety lay in the balance.

"I solemnly pledge myself under the conditions you name," she said in low tones.

The joy in the man's hard eyes was unmistakable, and Vita witnessing it, understood that it was real, genuine.

"Then listen," he cried. "Communication with your father will be simple and safe. We do not need his whereabouts. He will dictate a letter to you—a letter of plans and instructions. We will beat Von Berger at his own game, and once we are in America we can snap our fingers at the whole race. I will tell you now Von Berger threatened me yesterday again. He was the man who deprived me of my command and [illegible] He it was who superseded me over [illegible] He it was who has given me the [illegible] of our ever since. Now I shall pay him in the way he little suspects. I will dictate the letter for you, Vita, and when it is written you will address it to your father. You will close it under cover to Sir Andrew [illegible] at Dorby Towers. He will see that it reaches your father. You will see how simple my plan."

And Vita was finally convinced. She was making her sacrifice for the life and honour of her father, and through all the pain and hopelessness of yielding up her love for Ruxton she had the wholly inexplicable assurance, that, whatever it cost her, it was her simple duty, for which even her father himself would never blame her.

Will Vita be compelled to make the sacrifices? You will find another instalment of this story next week.

SCOTTISH PERSONALITIES IN THE PUBLIC EYE

By Our Special Commissioner.

Hon. Mrs Alex. Shaw.

The Hon. Mrs Shaw, whose husband has been appointed private secretary to Sir Albert Stanley, President of the Board of Trade, is the eldest daughter of the first Lord Inchcape. She is an enthusiastic politician, and prior to her marriage four years ago held the post of secretary of one of the women's Liberal organisations. She is deeply interested in various war organisations, and took a prominent part last summer in the successful garden fete held at The Dean Castle, the Kilmarnock residence of Lord Howard de Walden. Her husband, Lieutenant Shaw, has been prevented owing to medical reasons from continuing his military duties.

Appointment for Mr David Gilmour.

Mr David Gilmour, general secretary of the Lanarkshire Miners' Union, has been appointed a member of Mr Neville Chamberlain's committee in London. Mr Gilmour, who has two sons in the army, has for over a quarter of a century been connected with the miners' movement. He has travelled in many countries, and was a delegate to the huge American Labour Congress held in Pittsburg some ten years ago. He has been actively engaged in many war projects, and Provost Moffat, of Hamilton, paid striking tribute to his services on the Local Tribunal, from which, owing to his new appointment, he is now retiring.

Honour to a Greenock Doctor.

The King of Serbia has been pleased to confer on Lieutenant R. M'Kenzie Morison, R.A.M.C., the Order of St Sava. Lieutenant Morison was with Lady Sybil Paget's Hospital, and was made a prisoner when the Bulgarians entered Uskub. Eventually he reached "Blighty" by way of Roumania and Russia. The Lieutenant, who is a native of Greenock, had previously been decorated with the Royal Red Cross of Serbia.

Argyllshire Officer Retires.

Much regret is expressed in Argyllshire at the retiral from the Territorial Association owing to ill-health of Lieut.-Col. J. N. MacTaggart, Campbeltown. For two generations the post of procurator-fiscal has been held by this family. The grandfather of Lieut.-Col. MacTaggart was the first distiller in Campbeltown and the principal owner of the Clyde passenger steamer Britannia, built at Port-Glasgow in 1815.

Genial and Generous.

Mr George Wolfe, J.P., of Bathgate, has just given £1000 to the new Central Fund of the Scottish Congregational Union, while his family have contributed an additional £700. Mr Wolfe is a well-known manufacturer in West Lothian, who has interested himself warmly and practically in the affairs of his native district. He is as genial as he is generous, and his ready and pawky wit make him the life and soul of a social gathering. He has been treasurer of the Congregational Union for a number of years, and he has the happy faculty of making figures interesting.

Coatbridge is Proud.

Mr And. Lamberton, J.P., is the first Scotsman to receive the Bessemer Medal, the blue ribbon of the iron and steel industry. He is the principal of the firm of Messrs Lamberton & Company, Sunnyside Engineering Works, Coatbridge. The medal is not an honorary decoration, but the insignia of merit. Mr Lamberton was trained as a marine engineer, and 35 years ago started business on his own account at Sunnyside—an establishment originally set agoing by the Bairds of Gartsherrie.

Noted Designer of Rolling Mill Plant.

A recognised authority on steelworks machinery, he has designed and constructed more rolling mill plant than any other man in the country. His knowledge of the industry has been enhanced by extensive travel in America, France, and Germany. At present Mr Lamberton is vice-president of the Iron and Steel Institute, an ex-Magistrate of Coatbridge, and a civic patriot in the best sense of the term.

His Last Great Game.

Among football players in Aberdeen and admirers of the game in the North of Scotland regret is expressed at the death in action of the internationalist, Lance-Corporal Wilfrid Toman at the age of 41 years. It is a quarter of a century since he went to the "Granite City" from Winchester College, and played for the Aberdeen Football Club at Chanonry, then for the once well-known Victoria United and Orion, before going to Burnley, Everton, Southampton, Oldham, and Stockport County. Fearless on the football field as on the field of battle—he had a broken arm and a broken leg in a couple of important matches—he was greatly admired by many enthusiasts. Latterly he had settled down as purser on a White Star Line steamer between Liverpool and Australia till the call of King and country reached him.

A Leith War Worker.

Miss Liza Gordon, well-known in the capital, has been appointed to undertake an important post in connection with National Service, and has left for London. She carried out much successful work in Leith for the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families' Association. Before leaving for London she was made the recipient of a number of gifts from the Executive of the Association.

A Capital Organiser.

National Service cannot be said to have been a failure in Bute, where under the management of Mr Donald Grant excellent work has been done. Mr Grant's long and varied experience as a political organiser, coupled with his intimate knowledge of every hole and corner in the county, stand him in good stead in this patriotic field. A firm believer in every man doing his bit either in the army or in National Service spheres, Mr Grant spares no pains to obtain recruits for both, and, despite the experience of others, has in no degree diminished his popularity by these efforts.

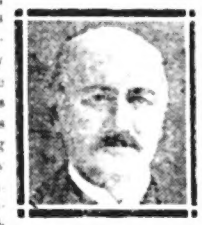
Dundee Bailie's Business Jubilee.

Congratulations to Bailie John G. Kinmond, Dundee, whose business jubilee is to be publicly honoured this week. A man of wide reading and "diligent in his business," the genial Bailie has yet found time for much public service and other useful activities. As a successful angler he enjoys more than a local reputation, and I feel safe in saying that he has more satisfaction in plying the rod on Loch Leven or the "Silvery Tay" than in applying it from the Police Court Bench. His enthusiasm for the "gentle art" has found expression in numerous felicitous articles on the subject under the now familiar initials, "J. G. K." Bailie Kinmond's long and honourable association with Dundee's staple industry has constituted him an authority on trade matters, and the heartiness of the movement to recognise his jubilee is a well-deserved tribute to his services.

Mr James Kidd, of Bo'ness.

I have learnt with much interest that my old West Lothian friend, Mr James Kidd, has been appointed as the new chairman of Bo'ness and Carriden School Board in succession to the genial Provost Grant, who has held the position for no less than ten successive years. It should give "Jimmy" another bit of training for the political career which I think he is yet destined to have, and I shall not be surprised if this brilliant West Lothian lawyer is ultimately found making speeches at Westminster.

A Unique Record.



Mr Philip Sulley, surveyor of taxes and county assessor, Elgin, formerly of Fife and the Borders, has specialised all his life in the raising of money, not only for the Government, but for patriotic purposes. His record is unique. During the Boer War he worked strenuously for Fife funds. He raised a big lot of money by his inimitable Burns lectures. As a recruiting speaker and an organiser he has made his mark in the North these past two and a half years.

£2000 for the Seaforths and Gordons.

He started and managed the Morayshire Seaforths Comforts Fund, the Gordon Castle fete — the most successful affair of the kind ever held in the North of Scotland—by which £2000 was cleared for Seaforths and Gordons and their prisoners of war; and again, with the help of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, he has just carried through the Morayshire Badge and Flag Day for Seaforths, and raised £500. His youngest son, a gallant young Seaforth officer, was killed last September; another officer son in the same regiment lost an eye in the war; while yet a third son, of the staff of the National Bank of India, is in charge of the fort at Kali Drosh, Chitral.

Dodged the U-Boats.

After an absence of 15 years the Rev. John Robertson, the former minister of the Gorbals Tabernacle, has returned to Glasgow. During his stay he will conduct a short mission prior to undertaking work at the front under the auspices of the Y.M.C.A. Now the President of an American University, the Rev. Mr Robertson wears well, and is as sunny as ever. I had a chat with him the other day. He had an anxious time coming across the Western Ocean, for the skipper of the vessel by which he voyaged wormed his way safely to these shores notwithstanding the lurking attention of several submarines.

An Unconventional Preacher.

Mr Robertson still calls a spade a spade, and doesn't hesitate to employ drastic language when he thinks it is required. It is quite a common thing for him to burst into song in the middle of a sermon. His fearlessness, ready wit, and earnestness of purpose gained for him many followers in Glasgow. In the rest camps he made many friends with the versatile Tommy.

LEADING THEATRICAL LIGHTS IN SCOTLAND THIS WEEK.

(1) Miss Ann Coppinger, in "Peg o' My Heart," at Her Majesty's Theatre, Dundee; (2) Shaun Glenville, at the Glasgow Alhambra; (3) Miss Ida Cooper, the vocalist, who is accompanying Lady Constance Stewart Richardson, at the Glasgow King's; (4) Miss Lilian Rich, in "Three Cheers," at the Glasgow Empire; (5) Vesta and Mimie Pine, in "Bubble and Squeak," at the Glasgow Coliseum.

Greenock's Famous Kirk.

Greenock folks are intensely interested in the fate of the Old West Kirk, in the graveyard of which reposes the remains of Burns' Highland Mary. I can well understand the refusal of the trustees to consider the proposal of the shipbuilders, Messrs Caird & Company, to have the church removed, but there is no doubt that the firm's offer to re-erect the building exactly as it stands on another site is in keeping with the splendid traditions of the Caird family, who have contributed so largely to the prosperity of Greenock, and whose most famous representatives have left their impress on the educational and spiritual culture of the nation at large. It is well known, of course, that the firm of Caird & Company and Harland & Wolff have now joined hands.

Forfarshire Officer Decorated in France.

Many people in Forfarshire will be pleased to hear that at a parade in France the general officer commanding a cavalry corps decorated Captain Ughtred Elliott Carnegy, of the Dragoon Guards, with the ribbon of the Military Cross, an officer of the General Staff reciting the act for which the decoration was awarded. Captain Carnegy is the only son of Mr Francis Edward Carnegy and Mrs Carnegy of Lour.

A Distinguished Career.

Brigadier-General J. T. Burnett Stuart, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., of the Rifle Brigade, who has just had the Croix de Commandeur of the French Legion d'Honneur added to his list of honours, has had a distinguished military career, of which any man might be proud. He is the eldest son of Mr E. R. Burnett Stuart of Dens and Crichie, Aberdeenshire, and is very popular amongst his father's tenantry, who refer to him with feelings of pride and affection.

A Captain of Industry.

In spite of the fact that there are few, if any, busier men in the country than Mr C. T. Pullinger, of The Brae, Dumfries, he finds time for lending a helping hand with every good movement in the district.

Managing director of the Arrol-Johnston Motor Works at Heathhall, where there are over 1100 employees, he is also the controlling spirit of the Galloway Engineering Company, which has erected extensive works at Tongland, in the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright, and other concerns. Mr Pullinger, who is still in the prime of life, has several hobbies, the one of which he is fondest being farming. At The Brae he has established an excellent herd of shorthorn dairy cows, including a number descended from some of the best strains in the country.

I guarantee to cure your

PILES

I will send you my complete 5/- Treatment and you need not send a penny. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose on

MY FREE OFFER

FORREST BAGLEY, Secy. Consultant.

For many years I have been successfully treating patients suffering from Piles, Ulcer, Fissure, Itching Piles, Prolapse, Tumours, Constipation, and all Rectal Trouble. A neglected case of Piles will not only not cure itself, but is very dangerous, as may lead to the deadly Cancer. My Threefold Absorption Treatment is constitutional as well as local, and causes the swollen Piles to shrink up and disappear. To every sufferer writing at once I will send my Regular 5s Treatment Free to try. My task is that if you receive benefit you will pay me 5s; if you feel that you have not received benefit, then do not send me a penny. All correspondence is strictly confidential, and the regular 5s Treatment will be sent to you in plain wrapper, securely sealed, and can be used in the privacy of your own home. Owing to the increased postage rates I should appreciate the enclosure of 3d in stamps from bona-fide inquirers. Write at once to Forrest Bagley, Secretary to Dr W. Van Vleck, KH12, Esmclare House, Wine Office Court, London, E.C.4.

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RHEUMATISM-KIDNEY TROUBLE.

Rheumatism, backache, lumbago, sciatica, urinary trouble, stone, gravel, dropsy, the result of excessive uric acid. Estora is a specific based on modern medical science, and are the successful treatment. 1/3 per box of 40 tablets, or 6 for 6/9, all chemists, or post free from Estora Co., 132 High Holborn Cross Rd., London, W.C.

EMPIRE, GLASGOW.
6.45—TWICE NIGHTLY—9.0.
Mr HARRY DAY Presents the Great HARRY LAUDER REVUE,
"THREE CHEERS,"
Direct from the Shaftesbury Theatre, London.
Don't Miss the Great "Whitehall" Scene.
MATINEE, TUESDAY, 2.30.
Box Office, 10.30 to 5.30 and 6.30 to 9.30.
'Phone 3731 Douglas.

COLISEUM, GLASGOW.
6.55—TWICE NIGHTLY—9.
GEORGE CARNEY Presents the Musical Farce,
"BUBBLE AND SQUEAK,"
In One Scene. Cast includes—
GEO. CARNEY, GEO. HUGHES (late Alexander & Hughes), SELECTED BEAUTY CHORUS, HERBERT LA MARTINE, HARRY HERBERT, DOROSWAMI, M'NAUGHTONS (Fred and Gus).
Box Office, 11 to 4—6 to 9.30 p.m.
'Phones—South 230, Central 1601.

LA SCALA, GLASGOW.
MON., TUES., WED., 14th, 15th, 16th May,
"UNDER TWO FLAGS."
Film Version of Ouida's Masterpiece.
Featuring THEDA BARA.
Also COMEDIES.
THURS., FRI., SAT., 17th, 18th, 19th May,
OLGA PETROVA in
"THE SCARLET WOMAN."
"THE PEST."
SYDNEY DREW COMEDY.
MONDAY, 14th, AND ALL WEEK,
Miss APRIL PENDARVIS,
The Brilliant Contralto.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE, DUNDEE.
MONDAY, May 14th, for Six Nights at 7.0.
MATINEE, SATURDAY at 2.15.
Mr ALFRED BUTT Presents
"PEG O' MY HEART."
A Comedy of Youth in Three Acts.
Box Office Open. 'Phone 1919.

KING'S THEATRE, DUNDEE.
TWICE NIGHTLY—7 and 9.
MONDAY, May 14, 1917.
From the London Alhambra,
THE CZAR'S RUSSIAN COSSACKS,
Vocalists and Siberian Dancers.
ZELINDA DAVIS,
The Singer with a Charm.
AND FULL VARIETY COMPANY.
Box Office, 11 to 4, 6.15 to 10. 'Phone 1930.

LA SCALA, DUNDEE.
'PHONE 384. 30 MURRAYGATE, DUNDEE.
MONDAY, May 14th, for Three Days Only,
MAY ALLISON & HAROLD LOCKWOOD in
"MISTER 44."
ALL THE WEEK,
PARTS 7 and 8,
"SONS OF OUR EMPIRE."
CAPTURE OF COURCELETTE BY CANADIANS AND TANKS.
THURSDAY, May 17th, for Three Days Only,
"THE BEAST."
ANNA LEHR as "The Beauty."

SHAND'S PICTURE HOUSE, SHEPHERD'S LOAN, DUNDEE.
EXTRAORDINARY ATTRACTIONS FOR NEXT WEEK,
MON., TUES., WED.,
"THE MILL ON THE FLOSS."
Adapted from the Novel by George Eliot.
ALL THE WEEK,
CHARLES CHAPLIN in
"ONE A.M.,"
A New Mutual.
THURS., FRI., SAT.,
The Incomparable ANNA PAVLOVA in a Superb 8-Act. Photoplay,
"THE DUMB GIRL OF PORTICI,"
Introducing her Most Famous Dances. Special Music.
Also, "THE LAUGHING MASK,"
Episode 12, in 2 Reels.
COME EARLY AND AVOID THE CRUSH.
BOOK YOUR SEATS NOW. 515

VICTORIA, VICTORIA ROAD, DUNDEE.
CONTINUOUS, 7 to 10.30. Saturdays, 7 and 9.
MONDAY, TUESDAY, and WEDNESDAY.
"THE HABIT OF HAPPINESS."
THURSDAY, FRIDAY, and SATURDAY,
Mary Alden in "ACQUITTED."
Charlie Chaplin in "BEHIND THE SCREEN."
UP-TO-DATE TOPICALS. Orchestral Music.

PALACE PLAYHOUSE, DUNDEE.
CONTINUOUS PERFORMANCE from 7-10.30.
FOR ONE WEEK,
OUIDA'S FAMOUS NOVEL,
UNDER TWO FLAGS.

ELECTRIC THEATRE, NETHERGATE, DUNDEE.
CONTINUOUS—2.30 to 10.30.
WEEK COMMENCING 14th May, 1917.
Showing Monday, Tues., and Wed.—"SUNSHINE AND TEMPEST," a Heart-Touching Story, in 4 Parts; also "LOVE'S LEGACY," in 4 Parts.
Showing Thur., Fri., and Sat.—Lydia Borelli in "HER CODE OF HONOUR," "Cines" Production, in 4 Reels; also Nell Craig and Ernest Maupain in "THE WAY OF PATIENCE," "Cameo" Feature, in 4 Reels.

RESULTS AT A GLANCE.

GLASGOW JUNIOR CUP—Semi-Final.
Parkhead, ... 0 Petershill, ... 1

RENFREWSHIRE JUNIOR CUP—Undecided Tie—Semi-Final.
Renfrew Juniors, .. 4 Gourock Juniors, ... 1

STIRLINGSHIRE JUNIOR CUP.
Kilsyth Emmet, ... 4 California Celtic, ... 1

GLASGOW CHARITY CUP—2d Round.
Rangers, ... 0 Celtic, ... 2
Partick Thistle, ... 1 Queen's Park, ... 4

ROSEBERY CHARITY CUP—Final.
Hearts, ... 5 Armadale, ... 3

WAR FUND MATCH.
Dundee, ... 3 Aberdeen, ... 0

DUMBARTONSHIRE CHARITY CUP—Semi-Final.
Dumbarton, ... 3 Clydebank, ... 1

LANARKSHIRE CHARITY.
Hamilton Acad., .. 10 Motherwell, ... 0

PAISLEY CHARITY CUP.
St Mirren, ... 1 Abercorn, ... 1

FOR REGIMENTAL FUNDS.
Greenock Morton, .. 5 Army Select, ... 2

RENFREWSHIRE CHARITIES.
Arthurlie, ... 1 Kilmarnock, ... 4

FOR SOLDIERS' GARMENTS FUNDS.
Cowdenbeath, ... 1 Fifeshire League Sel., 3
Bo'ness League Select, 0 Falkirk, ... 3

GLASGOW CONSOLATION CUP—Undecided Tie.
Glasgow Perthshire, 3 Pollok, ... 0

GLASGOW JUNIOR LEAGUE.

Larkhall Thistle, ...	2	Strathclyde, ...	4
Bellshill Athletic, ..	0	Benburb, ...	1
Glencairn, ...	0	Vale of Clyde, ...	1
Cambuslang Rangers,	5	Rob Roy, ...	0
Clydebank, ...	1	Maryhill, ...	4

SCOTTISH JUNIOR LEAGUE.

Port-Glasgow Athletic,	6	Oatlands Juniors, ..	2
Yoker Athletic, ...	1	Bedlay Juniors, ...	1
Thornliebank, ...	2	Kilsyth Rangers, ...	3
Neilston Victoria, ..	5	Blantyre Victoria, ..	0

QUOITING.

MATCH FOR £60.

A stake match for £60 was played in Glasgow yesterday between J. Durney, Barrmill, Ayrshire, and J. Walkinshaw, Douglas Water, Lanarkshire. Conditions—Sixty-one shots up at twenty-one yards. Mr John Bell, the Association president, was referee.

There were two thousand spectators present at the start. Durney led off with a pair at the first end, and counted four before Walkinshaw got in the count with "twins." When the Lanarkshire player got set he gave a good display, and at the ninth end he doubled his opponent at 10—5. The excitement was great and the betting even when Durney shifted Walkinshaw's metal and lay for a count. Durney led off at the next end with an impossible shifter, and once he twenty-three pounder went down on the pinhead "J. W." had no chance with his lighter metal, and Durney claimed another double and a single. Level pegging was the order of the day. The standard of play was of a high order, and half-game was reached with Walkinshaw up 32—25. There was never much 'twixt the players, and Durney pulled in the slack, and peeled at 56. Peels were again called at 44. It was a rousing finish, and victory went to the popular Ayrshire pitcher by six shots. Final result:—Durney, 61; Walkinshaw, 55.

OPEN HANDICAP AT GALSTON.

Another stage was reached yesterday afternoon in the fifteen yards open handicap played at Galston. There were fully a hundred entries. Yesterday's ties resulted as follows:—Robert Scott, Springburn, 21; John Thomson, New Cumnock, 20. James Chynoweth, Galston, 21; Wm. Stevenson, Riccarton, 18. Alex. Woodburn, Galston, 21; C. Scott, New Cumnock, 9. John Sprott, New Cumnock, 21; Alex. Harper, Riccarton, 9. Robert Scott gained his deciding shot at the last end after a very close game. Semi-Final—R. Scott, 21; J. Sprott, 20. A. Woodburn, 21; J. Chynoweth, 16.

BOXING.

At Holborn on Monday afternoon next Bill Benyon and A. M. Johnny Hughes meet for the fourth time. Previous bouts have resulted in two draws and a knock-out victory for the Welshman.

Bob Cotton, the Bermondsey feather-weight, has met with an unexpected reverse at the Liverpool Stadium, where he was beaten by Billy Jones, of Ynyeddu. Jones had all the best of the contest, which was scheduled for fifteen rounds, but which ended towards the end of the ninth, when, after Cotton had taken two counts, the referee intervened, and declared Jones the winner.

Francis Rossi, the Pontypridd fly-weight, who recently defeated Lewis Williams, has been matched with George Clark. The bout will take place at the National Sporting Club on June 4 in place of the Symonds-Fox contest.

Tancy Lee, the ex-fly-weight champion, has secured military leave to box in London on Whit Monday at the Holborn Stadium, and it is announced that Louis Ruddick, of Leeds, will be his opponent.

Sapper Alick Lafferty, of Airdrie, who was wounded in action at Arras a few weeks ago, is now in hospital at Strawbridge, near Birmingham. Lafferty writes to say that the doctors now state it will not be necessary to amputate his leg. He is progressing very favourably.

The second deposit of £40 a-side was due this week-end in the coming contest between Pat Breslin, Uddingston, and Dan M'Goldrick, Airdrie, for the heavy-weight championship of Scotland, £50 a-side, and the best purse offered. Breslin attended and deposited his £40. M'Goldrick wrote asking that a meeting with Breslin might be arranged for Monday. Pat was annoyed over Dan's absence, and threatened to claim forfeit. Much interest is being taken in the forthcoming fight, Breslin being the favourite.

CRICKET.

Glasgow Academy, 51; Uddingston Scratch, 24. Babcock & Wilcox, 97; Coventry Works, 22. West of Scotland, 86; 10th Cadet Battalion, 102 for five. Officers Cadet Battalion, 36; Glasgow High School, 121 for nine.

RESULT OF FOOTBALL CONTEST.

Matches Played April 28.

No one correctly forecasted fifteen results, but ten readers submitted forms showing only one error. Our Consolation Prize of £10 is therefore divided amongst these ten, whose names are:—Albert Jackson, 3 Bar Terrace, Whitworth, near Rochdale; B. G. Carrie, 16 Fergus Street, Arbroath; Michael Kerr, 166 Castlebank Street, Partick, Glasgow; Wm. Petrie, 186 Montrose Street, Brechin; Harry Kerr, Belford Place, Calder Road, Mossend; W. Forrest, 4 Aura Road, Barrhead, Glasgow; Wm. Graham, jun., c/o Keenan, 3 Afton Place, Dumbarton; John Muir, 85 John Knox Street, Glasgow; Pte. D. M'Glashan, 33833, R.S.F., Ayr; Wm. Wright, 4 Gardner's Lane, Lochee Road, Dundee.

35,000 WATCH CELTIC AND RANGERS FOR CHARITY CUP AT IBROX.

RECORD GOAL GETTING AT HAMILTON—PLAYER POPS ON EIGHT.

CRITICAL COMMENTS ON YESTERDAY'S LEADING SPORTING EVENTS.

Celts and Rangers met at Ibrox in the second round of the Glasgow Charity ties. There was a great crowd—35,000. Rangers played Archibald and Lindsay, of Raith Rovers, and Celts had again W. Cringan, of Ayr United, and M'Stay supplanted Wilson at half. Even against the wind Celts were first to strike their game, and M'Atee was the first player to test Hempsey, and Gallagher also had a pot shot, which Hempsey dealt with. It was a good first half, in which Celtic showed all the finer points of the game. In method and thrustfulness they were well ahead of their rivals, and M'Coll showed himself the opportunist of the day with a couple of well-snapped goals. The first came from a push-up from the left. The Govan defence hesitated in clearing, and M'Coll nipped in and banged the ball past Hempsey. The second goal was a characteristic bit of play on M'Atee's part. He brushed past Blair, and centred a "picture." M'Coll trapped and drove for the net, the ball taking the inside of the woodwork on its passage through. Lawson failed to penetrate the armour of M'Nair, and Gordon was held by W. Cringan, and all over the Rangers had not a shot in their front line. Archibald made many openings, but he had nobody to back him in clinching. M'Menemy was at his best, his distribution extra, and Celts were well worth their interval lead.

The second half was a scorcher. Rangers belied expectations in playing up well against the wind. There was not much in it. Rangers pushed the opposition for all they were worth, but the fault of non-finishing clung to them to the end. While it was largely a case of level pegging, Celts were never in danger, and finished, all in, good winners. Shaw had some marvellous clearances, Dodds the better back. Of the halves, Cringan had it for placing, and Brown for push. Forward, the three Macs and Gallagher were the best. The Rangers cannot blame Hempsey. Blair was ahead of Manderson. Bowie was the best middleman. Forward, Archibald was the best.

Celtic, 2; Rangers, 0.

Gate, all in, £900.

Rangers — Hempsey; Manderson and Blair; Bowie, Pursell, and Martin; Archibald (Raith Rovers), Corpl. Lindsay (Raith Rovers), Sergt Gordon, Cairns, and Lawson.

Celtic—Shaw; M'Nair and Dodds; M'Stay, W. Cringan (Ayr United), and Brown, M'Atee, Gallagher, M'Coll, M'Menemy, and Browning.

SPIDERS SPIFLICATE JAGS.

Queen's Park and Partick Thistle met in the Charity Cup semi-final at Cathkin before 7000. Queen's were without A. L. Morton and J. Paterson, while the Thistle played Seymour for Bowie. The Thistle played a bustling, hard game in the opening period against the wind, and it was sheer bad luck on occasion that they did not count earlier. J. Harris shot over from point-blank range, and Seymour sent wildly past an open goal. Queen's notched the first goal in smart fashion. M'Dermid, who filled Morton's place, passed Adams at express speed and cut the ball in, and Walker, following up, simply smashed the ball past the waiting Ferguson. The cheering had scarcely died when the Thistle equalised through Seymour, who accepted a chance from a pot shot by Whittle. The point was smartly taken.

After the interval came an eye-opener. The ball was touched out to M'Dermid, who made off like a deer, rounded Adams in masterly style, and shot fast and low for goal. Bulloch came over to clear, and inadvertently touching the ball past Ferguson Queen's were one up. The Thistle replied in strong and bustling fashion, but were up against a trio of half-backs who refused to be beaten. Cowan made his name in this game, and in the second period Seymour got little or no chance to shine. Queen's bustling play paid, and when Walker ran through and scored it looked like a Queen's win. The referee had blown for a previous infringement against Bulloch on the penalty line, but Cowan scored from the resultant free kick. When Aitken scored a fourth off M'Dermid's centre the Thistle's chance was gone. First Fletcher got hurt, retired, and returned; then Adams fell in tackling M'Dermid and broke his collar bone. Queen's ran out worthy winners. Queen's best were Thorpe, Cowan, Barry, with Walker and M'Dermid the pick of a smart set of forwards. The Thistle were well served by Ferguson, both backs, J. Harris, Fletcher, Seymour, and N. Harris.

Gate, £184; Stands, £33; £217 all in.

Queen's Park, 4; Partick Thistle, 1.

Queen's Park—R. Ward; P. Thorpe and J. Neilson; A. Cowan, J. G. Barry, and A. Ford; W. J. Aitken, H. M'Millan, F. Walker. F. J. M'Conachy, and R. F. M'Dermid.

Partick Thistle—Ferguson; Adams and Bulloch; Durnin, Gunner Fletcher, and J. Harris; Whittle, Reid, N. Harris, Leitch, and Seymour.

DUNDEE DRUB THE DONS.

Pleasant and easy-going was the charity game at Dens Park between Dundee and Aberdeen. The result was a fully merited win for the home team by 3-0. All the goals were scored by Taylor, the centre forward. After the opening fifteen minutes Dundee forced the pace, and during a mix-up at goal Taylor placed the ball in the net. Aberdeen attacked, but their play was ineffective at goal. Dundee pressed again, and Taylor added another goal. Until the interval the homesters had much the better of the exchanges, but the visiting defence was equal to every call.

Shortly after the resumption Taylor snapped up a pass from the right and scored a third goal. This was the hat-trick. Both defences subsequently dominated. Near the close Aberdeen were unlucky not to score on one occasion, a hot shot by Robertson striking the upright and rebounding into play. Herron, on the Dundee right, was conspicuous for several fine solo efforts.

Dundee, 3; Aberdeen, 0.

Dundee—Bower; Thomson and Burns; Ferrier, Duffus, and Stirling; Herron, Angus, Taylor, M'Culloch, and M'Knight.

Aberdeen—G. A. Anderson; Lothian and Calder; Spence, Dainty, and Robertson; G. Anderson, Paton, M'Guire, Wylie, and Phasey.

GOOD GAME AT GREENOCK.

Four thousand patrons witnessed the game between Morton and the Army Select on behalf of the Regimental War Charities. The military showed themselves no novices, and in the first half played a sterling game, in which Walls, of Fulham, and Anderson were very prominent. The Morton found them difficult to hold, and the only goal, which came from the Fulham player, was well worked for and due on play. Morton pressed often, but it was not until just on the call of half-time that Stevenson found the net.

Goals were more plentiful in the second half. Morton took the lead through Paterson. Then Miller equalised for the soldiers. M'Neil got a third goal for Morton, and in the closing minutes two more were registered by Paterson. The Army men played attractive football. Morton had two new forwards on view, both of whom gave an excellent account of themselves.

Morton, 5; Army Select, 2.

Morton — Robertson; Morrison and Ormond; M'Intyre, Wright, and Stevenson; M'Nab, Robertson, Paterson, Stevenson, and M'Neill.

Army Select — Lance-Corporal Campbell (Partick Thistle); Private Devine (Annbank) and Private Law (Fulham); Private Thomson (Glasgow Benburb), Private Donaldson (Shettleston Juniors), and Private Manson (Kirkintilloch Rob Roy); Sapper Miller (Port Juniors), Lance-Corporal Quin (Greenock Ardgowan), Pte. Anderson (Airdrieonians), Sapper M'Culloch (Morton), and Corporal M'Naughton (Rangers).

HEARTS WIN.

Hearts were easily value for the retention of the Rosebery Charity Cup, Armadale proving poor opposition at Tynecastle. For a time Armadale put up a stiff fight. Mercer fouled Herd in the penalty area, and Currie scored for Armadale. This roused the Hearts, and from a clever Cartmell pass Hilsdon equalised with a first-timer. After severe pressure Denyer put the homesters ahead.

After the interval the Hearts had the game well in hand, and from one of Sinclair's corners Mercer got goal number three. A fourth goal came from another Sinclair centre, Denyer doing the needful. Armadale were seldom in the picture. Mercer scored a fifth goal. Hearts eased off, and Armadale managed to add two goals, one by M'Coll and the other by Neil. Hearts were easily the superior side. Mercer, Nellies, Hilsdon, and Denyer were ever conspicuous. Grant, Hardie, and Currie were the pick of the losers. Hearts, 5; Armadale, 3.

Hearts—Black; Kiernan and Bryant; Nellies, Mercer, and Ross; Sinclair, M'Ewan, Denyer, Hilsdon, and Cartmell.

Armadale — Grant; Dinwoodie and M'Lean; Hardie, M'Coll, and Forrester; Ballantyne, Herd, M'Lean, Neil, and Currie.

SAINTS WIN CHARITY CUP.

St Mirren and Abercorn met in the deciding game at Ralston Park. Abercorn had the services of Richardson (Queen's Park) in goal and Sutherland (Third Lanark) forward. The teams got off to a late start, and St Mirren there first to count, Marshall converting a pass from Lindsay. Before the interval Robertson levelled the score, and the teams crossed on a level footing. There was a good pace in the game second half, but it was a non-scoring one, and the finish found the result peels at one.

M'Lellan, of Johnstone, who played vice Hillcoat, gave a fine display. Callaghan and Brown were good defenders, while A. Brown, Lindsay, and Marshall were the better front-rankers. The Abbies' best were Richardson, Edgar, M'Grain, M'Gregor, and Hosie.

St Mirren, 1; Abercorn, 1.

Abercorn — Richardson (Queen's Park); Clark and Edgar; Menzies, Ryan, and M'Dougall; M'Grain, Robertson, Howie, Sutherland (Third Lanark), and M'Gregor.

St Mirren — M'Lellan (Johnstone); Reid and Callaghan; Brown, Dixon, and Walls; Higgenbotham, Pringle, Marshall, Lindsay, and A. Brown.

MURDER OF MOTHERWELL.

The game at Douglas Park between Hamilton Academicals and Motherwell, which was in aid of Lanarkshire charities, attracted a large crowd, who were rewarded with quite a superfluity of goals. Unfortunately for the interest in the game the goals all came from the one side—the Academicals. It was a pity that Motherwell found it difficult to field a more representative team. The young blood and the veterans they had on view made an altogether indifferent show against the Academicals, who won in a canter. Early in the game Kelly scored, and before the interval Graham, who was in rampant form, rattled on other four. Five goals were also registered in the second portion, and of these Graham had four and M'Neil one. From start to finish Motherwell's defence was quite unavailing against the fast-moving forwards of the winners. For the ground side, the best on view were Graham—his record of eight goals will take some beating—Murphy, Paterson, and M'Neil. Gray and Bennett were the Fir Parkers' best men in front, but they were badly supported. Craig Brown, at centre half, tried hard to stem the tide of a crushing defeat, but, single-handed, he was powerless. Hamilton Academicals now meet Airdrieonians at Fir Park, Motherwell, in the final of this charity competition.

Hamilton Academicals, 10; Motherwell, 0.

Hamilton Academicals—Hamilton; M'Alister and Miller; Purvis, M'Namee, and Patterron; M'Neill, Murphy, Graham, Kyle, and Kelly.

Motherwell — Rundell; Murray and M'Skimming, Dunsmuir, Brown, and M'Alpine; Veitch, Gardiner, Nicol, Gray, and Bennett.

CUP-TIE AT DUMBARTON

Dumbarton and Clydebank met at Boghead in the semi-final of the County Cup competition before 5000. The drawings totalled £129. Dumbarton played Wharrier (Third Lanark) in goal. Yarnall (Airdrie) assisted Clydebank. In fourteen minutes Thom beat M'Turk. In thirty minutes Ritchie added a second, and Dumbarton led 2-0 at half-time.

Seven minutes after resuming Yarnall scored Clydebank's only goal. Two minutes later Stewart got a third for the homesters. Dumbarton were the better side. Raeside gave Yarnall no rope. Other Sons who shone were Wharrier, Reid, Stewart, Thom, and Ritchie. M'Turk, Bell, Cowerby, and Black were Clydebank's best.

Dumbarton, 3; Clydebank, 1.

Dumbarton and Dumbarton Harp now meet in the final.

Dumbarton—Wharrier (Third Lanark); M'Grory and Semple; Travers, Raeside, and Reid; Ritchie, Stewart, Cairney, M'Kim, and Thom.

Clydebank—M'Turk; Smith and Bell (Ayr United); Neish, Black, and Michie; Shortt, Sowerby, Yarnall (Airdrieonians), Martin, and Goldie.

PETERSHILL PUNCTURE PARKHEAD.

Petershill deserved their one-goal victory against Parkhead at Firhill in the semi-final for the Glasgow Cup if only for the snap they displayed at goal. Somerville was the workman, and it was a case of pluck winning, as he was being hemmed in by the backs when he let fly and registered the goal which meant taking part in the final. Parkhead's forwards were poor. They tried to walk the ball into the net, and Young and M'Dougall were too robust for that kind of play. The Springburn backs were splendid, and Reid was the star of the middle line, while Robertson and Somerville were best among the forwards. Kerr was the better back for the losers, and Mason saved well in goal, but as a possible finalist Parkhead never once impressed, and on the full run of the play deserved to lose.

WHIPPETING.

GLASGOW HANDICAP.

A 200 yards handicap was run in heats. First Semi-Final—Mr Smith's Jean (30) and Mr Allan's Orchard (27½). Second Semi-Final—Mr M'Ewan's Vanity (33) and Mr Bookless' Who Be I (33). Third Semi-Final—Mr King's White Star (25½) and Mr Brown's Sporting Lad (27½). Final—1 Orchard, 2 Jean, 3 Vanity. Betting—2 to 1 on Jean, 4 to 1 against Orchard, 5 to 1 Vanity. Won by inches.

LOCHGELLY HANDICAP.

The weekly handicap was held yesterday before a record crowd. Close racing was witnessed, and the winners only got home by inches. Result:—1 Posey (Mr Adamson, Kelty) (10½), 2 Principal Girl (Mr Barrett, Cowdenbeath) (15½), 3 Mayboy (Mr Nailen, Lochgelly) (14). 4 Christmas Daisy (Mr Clark, Lochgelly) (10½). Betting—5 to 2 against Posey.

EDINBURGH HANDICAP.

A 190 yards dog handicap was held at Powderhall yesterday in twenty-nine heats of six runners each. Finalists:—Buchan's (Bathgate) Review (35); Sim's (Gilmerton) Violet Second (36); Hughes' (Winchburgh) Honour Bright (38); Buchan's (Bathgate) Torch Fire (39); and Lees' Little Sidus (39). Winner of £5—Torch Fire. Betting—5 to 2 on Review, 4 to 1 against Torch Fire and Violet Second, 8 to 1 Sidus, 10 to 1 Honour Bright. Won by a foot. Time—10½ secs.

COATBRIDGE WINNERS.

The usual weekly handicap took place on the Coatbridge grounds yesterday afternoon. Ideal weather prevailed, and the attendance was a record for the season. Previous week's handicap:—First Semi-Final—1 Anderson's Bell Street Lass (49), 2 Dyart's Little Nan (48). Second Semi-Final—1 Kerr's Jim Larkin (44), 2 Hill's Hilda (50). Final—1 Bell Street Lass, 2 Jim Larkin. Betting—2 to 1 on winner. Twenty-one heats in a new handicap were afterwards completed. Winners:—Johnson's Sammy (30), Connor's Shedda (36), Connor's Joe (34), Wilson's Lady Ann (34), Wilson's Rover (36), Murray's Kate II. (30), Scott's Daisy (39), O'Brien's Prue (37), Gilchrist's Wee Meg (32), Montgomery's Rosemary (37), Simpson's Wee Daisy (40), Barr's Mons Lad (39), Almond's Burn Blend (32), M'Nab's All Right Tibby (32), Leach's Highland Mary (34), M'Cabe's Frisky (40), Hannah's Sailor (37), Stewart's Saucy Sam (29), Greenhorn's Snowball (27), Duncan's Wee Tom (30), Anderson's Ruby (33). Little Annie was disqualified in the last heat.

BILLIARDS.

REECE, ...	5979
STEVENSON (in play), ...	5851

RACING BAN.

EXAMPLE FROM FRANCE AND THE FATHERLAND.

Great Britain and Ireland are the only countries engaged in the war where racing cannot take place. We, the proudest nation of the lot, are the first to cave in as far as racing is concerned.

France, although part of her territory is under the Hun, recognises the absolute necessity of testing the thoroughbred for the sake of horse-breeding. Racing took place the other day at Chantilly, and there are seven other days' racing this month, and ten in June, while four days have been arranged in July at Maisons-Laffitte.

The French War Horse Society has voted its budget for the season of 1917, and will disburse 113,300 francs to the following meetings:—Aurillac, June 5, 6000 francs; Tarbes, June 9, 10,000 francs; Salies de Beaune, June 12, 6600 francs; Caen, September 15, 13,300 francs; Corlay, September 22, 10,630 francs; Nantes, September 27, 21,200 francs; Chonalles, October, 15,000 francs; Pau, October, 25,000 francs.

The Germans and Austrians are equally alive to what any undue interference with the horse-breeding industry would mean to their army, and during May they have twenty-seven days' racing, the various meetings being Berlin Hoppegarten (six days), Berlin Karlshorst (three days), Berlin Grunewald (two days), Breslau (three days), Hamburg-Grossborstel (two), Wiesbaden (two), Munich (two), Dresden (two), Dusseldorf (two), and Leipzic, Dortmund, and Neurs (one each). There has been both racing and trotting in Vienna, Hamburg, and Munich, and other parts.

PEDS. AT POWDERHALL.

A sixty yards' foot handicap was run at Powderhall yesterday, and produced over ninety entries, with Sergt. G. Walker, Cupar, at scratch. Result 1 (£5) J. Dickson, Edinburgh, 10 yards; 2 (15s) J. Campbell, Mid-Calder, 16½ yds., 3 (5s) A. Livingstone, Glasgow, 6 yds. Betting 7 to 4 on M. Collins, Musselburgh, 16 yds., 2 to 1 against Dickson, 5 to 1 Campbell, 6 to 1 Livingstone. Won by inches, and the same between the second and third. Time, 7 1-5 secs.

A mile handicap produced an exciting finish:—1, (£5) R. Williams, Broxburn (135 yds.), 2 (15s) J. Drummond, Bowhill (100 yds.), 3 (5s) Connelly, Whitburn (135 yds.). Betting evens on Drummond, 3 to 1 against Williams, 5 to 1 against Roberts, Queensferry (115 yds.), 6 to 1 against Connelly, 10 to 1 others. Won by a yard, with ten yards between second and third. Time, 4 mins. 27 secs. Sixty ran.

FOOTBALLER MISSING.

News has been received that James Stoddart, Seaforths, son of Mr and Mrs Stoddart, Ivy Cottage, Sanquhar, has been missing since 11th April. Stoddart is the well-known right back of Nithsdale Wanderers F.C., and is one of the best known and most popular players in the South of Scotland. He enlisted two and a half years ago, and had been in France for two years. He is only twenty-five years of age, and during his football days received offers from many leading League clubs on both sides of the Border.

Celts go on to the finish.

Queen's caught the ten at Cathkin.

Hearts claim the Rosebery Charity.

Hampden should hum this week-end.

The Govanites were rank bad finishers.

£900 all in was a capital charity return at Ibrox.

Fifteen goals in two matches. Poor Motherwell!

M'Coll had the double-count for the charity stakes.

It's an old-time popular final — Queen's Park v. Celtic.

Sergt. Gordon's dashing tactics didn't please at Ibrox.

Queen's last appearance in the Charity final was in 1908.

Rundell was well caught at the week-end. He lost ten goals.

Bombardier Mercer had the double-count against Armadale.

Alan Morton was a noteworthy non-starter at Cathkin.

Frank Walker is marked down as the Hampden "goods."

Bowie played a heady game at Ibrox, as Archibald will tell you.

Abercorn's mixed eleven ran the Saints to a divide in the Charity.

Queen's have taken down Partick's number three times this season.

Walker 2, M'Dermid 1, and Cowan 1, and Queen's go on to the Charity final.

The Queen's and Celts in the final will make a fine monetary draw for charity.

Clydebank were laid low at Boghead, where Sandy Thom's boys were top dogs.

Taylor, Dundee's centre forward, was on the dot against the Dons. He did the hat-trick.

Manager Raisbeck looked on while his centre scored eight goals. Graham has put up a First League team record which will take some shifting.

THE HINDENBURG LINE

WILL be broken, but the price of victory has to be paid. This means greater efforts for the Red Cross, and here is a way in which *YOU* may help the Red Cross Funds, and stand the chance of winning a substantial prize. You can do this by correctly estimating the Number of Persons who will pass through Rothesay Pier Turnstiles between 2d April and 31st May, 1917.

A Donation of 6d to the Funds of the Bute Branch of the Red Cross Society, accompanying the attached coupon, may win you either of the following prizes:—

COUPON.
Rothesay Turnstiles Red Cross Subscriptions.
"Post Sunday Special."

1st Prize (exact estimate)—£20 War Savings Certificate.
2d Prize (nearest estimate)—£10 War Savings Certificate.
Five £1 Certificates for next nearest estimates.

Write on sheet of notepaper as follows:—"My estimate is ..... persons.

NAME, ...

ADDRESS, ...

and return with coupon addressed to "COUPON," TOWN CLERK'S OFFICE, ROTHESAY, by THURSDAY, 24th May.

Any number of estimates may be sent, but each must be accompanied by P.O. for 6d.

To assist competitors it may be stated that during the first week (28 till 9th April) 10,925 persons passed through the new turnstiles.

THE WONDERFUL HUMAN MACHINE

If you had a real fine watch and some part of the mechanism broke, would you try to mend it by filling it with oil? No, you would take it to the best watchmaker you know, and have him find the cause of the trouble and repair it.

Your body is a far more delicate mechanism than any watch. It is the most complicated machine on earth, yet when some part breaks down or fails to work properly you try to make it go by doing yourself with poisonous drugs.

Your heart, stomach, liver, and kidneys are run by a power called nerve force. Nerve force is just another name for electricity. When any of these organs break down or get out of order sickness or disease results. Now you can't cure the trouble until you remove the cause—repair the part that is broken. The only way to do this is to give Nature the power to do it. All you need is motive power—electricity. You can't get that from drugs. Our Method is to restore this electricity, and pain and disease will disappear. That's Nature's way of curing.

We have harnessed a powerful but soothing current of electricity into a body appliance made of dry-cell batteries. It gives strength, tone, new vitality to your nerves, stomach, or any other part that may be weak.

This battery is not an electric belt—it does not shock. It cures every evidence of weakness in men and women.

GET IT FREE

We'll send you our illustrated 80-page book, closely sealed, free, telling you how you can cure yourself at home, together with full information concerning the treatment. Write at once if you cannot call for a free test at the Institute. Do it now to-day.

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WALLPAPERS direct from the manufacturers. Newest designs. Lowest prices. Large or small quantities. Samples free. Morris's, Vicar Lane, Leeds. 9893

50 Beautiful hand-coloured photogravure fancy postcards for 1s 6d. Each card different. A beautiful hand-coloured photogravure given away free. Write for prize scheme. Agents wanted. Cobbins, 22 Mallow St., E.C.1.

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WONDERFUL ELIXIR VITAE FREE!!

100,000 BOTTLES OF DR. ROOKE'S FAMOUS "SOLAR ELIXIR."

An announcement is made here which will interest practically every reader of this paper, and certainly those who are Nerve Weak, Run Down, or Depressed with the worry of these times.

Those who are ailing are to receive as an absolutely Free Gift a supply of a wonderful preparation that has been declared absolutely unfailing in its power to quickly restore vigorous health and vitality.

This wonderful preparation, Dr. Rooke's "Solar Elixir," which has met with such an enormous success that it has been called by many people the "Re-Animating Balm of Life," stands quite alone in the world of curative medicines.

ASTONISHING LONGEVITY OF THE ORIENTAL.

It was as a result of his experiences in treating thousands of cases of Nervous Weakness, Debility, Lack of Vitality, &c., that he saw how hopeless ordinary drugs and medicines proved. He gave ten years of his life to the study of the subject, and in a most romantic manner he discovered that in the East and in India there were rare and exotic products which possessed marvellous potency to reanimate the nerve-weak body.

There are in the East men and women who live to incredible ages, seemingly imbued with the gift of perennial youth. Dr. Rooke discovered the reason for this during his investigations, and after much experiment found that he was able to prepare his "Solar Elixir."

Immediately this veritable Elixir of Life was given to the public it proved an enormous success. In cases of Neurasthenia, Debility, Nervousness, Insomnia, Lack of Vitality, Headache, Forgetfulness, Blood Disorders, Digestive Troubles, it proved absolutely invaluable.

And now to-day this wonderful "Solar Elixir" may be tested free of cost.

UNIQUE HEALTH VOLUME FREE.

Having tested "Solar Elixir" in a great host of cases, Dr. Rooke wrote his wonderful volume, the "Anti-Lancet," which explains the Origin of Illness, and Disease. This wonderful "Health Encyclopædia" is invaluable in every home, and those who would like to know the cause of their illness, and how it may be cured, may secure a copy gratis.

If you are at all run down, nervy, or lacking in vitality, you are strongly advised to write for your Free Trial Bottle of "Solar Elixir" at once, and, if you desire it, a copy of the "Anti-Lancet." All Applications should be addressed—Dr. Chas. Rooke, Ltd., Dept. 103, Leeds.

When you have proved for yourself the wonderful tonic properties of Dr. Rooke's "Solar Elixir" you can always obtain further supplies at 1s. 3d., 3s., and 5s. from chemists, including all branches of Boots', Taylors', Timothy White's, &c., &c.

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Dear Sirs,—Please send me a trial bottle of Dr. Rooke's Solar Elixir and full particulars of your other preparations. I enclose 2d. in stamps for postage.

If you also require a copy of "Anti-Lancet" send 1d. stamp extra, making 3d. in all.

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INFLUENZA	—EMPHYSEMA

OVER 1,000,000 PRAISE "LIQ-U-FRUTA."

It will remove any case of Asthma or Bronchitis, will strengthen your lungs and enable you to breathe more freely and efficiently. It will banish every germ of weakness or disease from your throat, nose, and respiratory organs. It arrests even the deadly ravages of tuberculosis, and has banished every trace of Consumption from the lives of thousands. Instant relief is experienced.

"IT SAVED MY ONLY SON'S LIFE."

"My only son lay at the point of death, suffering from several of the above diseases—the most skilled physicians had done their utmost, but unavailingly, for at last my doctor told me nothing more could be done, and that I must be prepared for the end.

Then it was that I discovered "LIQ-U-FRUTA," and cured my only son. "LIQ-U-FRUTA" miraculously saved his life, and since that date the lives of thousands of others.

(Signed) W. HOME-NEWCOMBE.

Mr. G. Ward, Brentwood, Essex, who is a Male Nurse in charge of the Hospital Ward, writes as follows:—"The Patient, whose cough and breathing were very bad indeed, and who suffered from night sweats and lung trouble, had already paid for a month's treatment of a so-called remedy, and I must say not half the relief was obtained from the whole of that treatment as the first dose of 'Liquifruta' gave. The results were most wonderful, and I only wish for the sake of others I had known the remedial properties contained in 'Liquifruta' some three years ago, for

As supplied to the Household of H.M. the King at Windsor Castle.

I had twelve cases of Consumption under my charge, to whom the doctors could render no visible relief, and to whom 'Liquifruta' would have been more than a mercy."

Just what happened to this Patient, who suffered from Consumption, can happen to you—will happen to you—for there never has been a failure yet.

A COUGH AND "LIQ-U-FRUTA" CANNOT EXIST TOGETHER.

"Liq-u-fruta" is gladly supplied by all the 580 Branches of Boots' Cash Chemists, Glasgow Apothecaries, Ockburn & Co., and all Chemists and Stores, 1/3, 3/-, and 5/-, or direct and Post Free from Mr. W. Home-Newcombe, 637 Camberwell Grove, London, S.E.5, for remittance in stamps or postal orders. For 2d. in stamps my book "Worth its Weight in Gold," published at 1/-, will be sent Post Free.

Liquifruta

CURES EVERYTHING WITH A COUGH IN IT.

STOCK EXCHANGE NOTES.

GILT-EDGED SECURITIES FIRM.

(Specially Contributed to "The Post Sunday Special.")

London, Saturday Night.

SOME of the temporary regulations now governing the Stock Exchange have occasionally given rise to criticism, but no one will question the wisdom of the rule prohibiting speculative dealings for the period of the war, in view of the upset caused in the markets by the grave news from Russia. If the Bears had been able to operate they could have wrought havoc throughout the markets. As it is, without any particular selling pressure, there has been a sharp decline in every type of Russian security and sympathetic depression in other markets. The future lies on the lap of the gods, but holders of stocks and shares would be well advised to sit tight and wait for the clouds to roll by.

FIRMNESS OF GILT-EDGED SECURITIES.

The firmness of gilt-edged Securities is the most reassuring feature in the situation, and Consols, in fact, have been up to 55⅞, and now stand at 55½, at which the yield is about 4 9-16 per cent. From that point of view the Five Per Cent. War Loan is undoubtedly the pick of the bunch, the present yield at 94½ being 5 5-16 per cent; or, allowing for redemption at par in 1947, about 5⅜ per cent. In other directions the yield ranges from 5¼ per cent. downwards, while the principal Home Railway Debenture Stocks offer 5 per cent. and the Preferences nearly 5¼ per cent. per annum.

NITRATE COMPANIES' PROSPERITY.

The reports of the Nitrate Companies coming forward are now one long tale of prosperity, the Salar Del Carmen and the San Sebastian Nitrate Companies, for instance, paying dividends of 15 per cent. and 10 per cent. respectively for the past year as compared with nil for the preceding year, while all the indications go to show that the current year will yield equally good results.

RUBBERS ONE OF THE FEW GOOD MARKETS.

Although Plantation Rubber has not been able to raise itself much above 3s per lb., Rubber shares have been amongst the few speculative markets which have been able to still give a good account of themselves during the week. The demand has again turned chiefly upon the older Companies, in view of the statements made at the Anglo-Malay meeting, with regard to the measures taken for maintaining the yields of the older trees; whilst some of these concerns are also taking care to steadily increase their outputs. A further batch of reports has made its appearance, amongst which that of the Sungei Kapar is worth particular attention. This Company's total distribution for the past year has been raised by 10 to 70 per cent., but as the 2s shares already stand at 11s 6d these appear to be high enough.

OIL SHARES AND THE RUSSIAN NEWS.

The Oil market has been in very good form throughout the week, although towards the close the Russian news took some of the cream off the rise. There is no reason, however, why developments in Russia should affect other Oil concerns situated very far distant from Russia or Roumania. One of the features has been the continued demand for Mexican Eagles, and attention may now be directed to this Company's Six per Cent. Convertible First Mortgage Bonds at 96, which, in addition to their advantageous redemption terms, have also a right of conversion into shares up to July 1, 1918, at the rate of one share for each £3 of bonds. This right would, of course, become valuable if the shares were to cross 60s, as is always possible, in view of the excellent progress which the Company is making.

KAFFIRS AND RHODESIANS IRREGULAR.

There was rather a dull tone about Kaffirs and Rhodesians, and even the Modder Group was not quite so firm, apart from New Modderfontein, which were almost at the top price. Amongst Rhodesians movements are very irregular, but the declines are slight. Tanganyika Concessions and Zambesia Exploring have given way, but Transvaal and Rhodesian are very strong at 2s, on some big land deal being completed.

SILVER FIRM—BARRIERS IRREGULAR.

Silver is nearly at the top price, namely—37s 7d per ounce for bars, and amongst Silver mines, Burma Corporation and Bawdwin Syndicate are firm. Barriers are rather easier, with the prominent exception of Zinc Corporation Ordinary, which have improved.

RUSSIAN MINES WEAK.

A very weak tone has developed in Russian mines on fears that some of the pacifists may attempt to make a separate peace with Germany, but the latest news is more reassuring on the strong statement made by the Duma—that they will keep with the Allies. In the meantime, however, all Russian mines are lower, the sharpest fall having taken place in Russo-Asiatics to 4½.

ANOTHER HIGH RECORD IN TIN.

One of the highest records in Standard Tin has been reached to-day, namely—£243 2s 6d for cash and three months, and at these prices the Tin mines should make extremely handsome profits. Yet somehow Nigerian Tin Mines are rather quiet, but this may change at any time, and especially in Cornish Mines a very sharp recovery may be expected at any moment, notably in South Crofty, which are quoted at only 20s 6d, after having touched 23s. They are now earning profits of £4100 per month, which would work out to £50,000, or a profit of 100 per cent. on the small capital of £50,000. The shares are therefore worth a great deal more on the present position, altogether apart from the probability of the Rogers Lode being struck, in which case there would be another big jump.

STEEDMAN'S SOOTHING POWDERS

THE PICTURE OF HEALTH

HER MOTHER SAYS

"I thought you might like to see my little girl's photo. She is just three years old. Since she was a baby of four months I have given her Steedman's Powders, and I always found them not only cooling, but cleansing and refreshing. I used to give them on the same day each week, and if I happened to miss, she was cross and fretful. She cut all her teeth without my knowing, thanks to those priceless powders."

Tottenham, Sept. 29th, 1913.

THESE POWDERS CONTAIN NO POISON.

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DUMFRIES SHOOTING FATALITY.

PATHETIC END OF FARMER'S GRANDSON.

Dumfries, Saturday.

A sad shooting accident occurred as darkness was falling at the farm of Meikleholm, Kirkmichael Parish, tenanted by Mr Alexander Mair.

Mr Mair's grandson, Alexander Kilgour, seventeen years of age, son of the late Mr James F. Kilgour, schoolmaster, Amisfield, was out shooting rabbits with a companion. A rabbit was hit, and Kilgour was in the act of changing the gun in his hands for the purpose of hitting the rabbit with the butt end when the trigger came into contact with some whins, with the result that the gun went off accidentally. The second charge lodged in the lad's body about the abdomen, inflicting severe injuries. He was removed in a motor ambulance to Dumfries Royal Infirmary, but he died soon after he was admitted.

WHEN RUN DOWN

or weakened by illness, ANDERSON'S QUININE & IRON TONIC comes as a welcome reinforcement to aid you in renewing the battle of Life. It does it successfully. Sold in bottles at 1s 3d and 2s 3d each at

JAS. ANDERSON'S DUNDEE DRUG STORES

70-74 COMMERCIAL ST., DUNDEE.

The Depot in Dundee for all Medicines, &c., of Best Quality at Minimum Prices.

There are at present 873 conscientious objectors at Princetown. Maintenance costs 15s 4d per head weekly. Over £580 has been paid by the Government in railway fares.

About 21,000 members of London University are serving, or have served, with the forces, and since last May 493 have died, including Sir Victor Horsley.

How to Completely Overcome the TOBACCO HABIT

These testimonials, with photographs, are but a few of the multitude that have been and are being received. The full addresses will be sent to anyone who desires to investigate. Book and full particulars FREE from Edward J. Woods, 10 Norfolk St. (628 TD), London, W.C.2.

ALL DESIRE OR CRAVING IS REMOVED for Pipe, Cigars, Chewing Tobacco, Cigarettes, Snuff.

STOP RUINING YOUR LIFE

I offer a genuine guaranteed Remedy for tobacco or snuff habit. It is mild, pleasant, strengthening for either sex. Overcomes that peculiar nervousness and craving for cigarettes, cigars, pipes, chewing tobacco, or snuff. Tobacco is poisonous, and seriously injures the health, causing such disorders as nervous dyspepsia, sleeplessness, gas, belching, gnawing, or other uncomfortable sensations in stomach; constipation, headache, weak eyes, loss of vigour, red spots on skin, throat irritation, asthma, bronchitis, heart failure, lung trouble, catarrh, melancholy, neurasthenia, impaired memory and will power, impure (poisoned) blood, rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica, neuritis, heartburn, torpid liver, loss of appetite, bad teeth, foul breath, enervation, lassitude, lack of ambition, falling out of hair, baldness, and many other disorders. It is unsafe and torturing to attempt to rid yourself of tobacco or snuff habit by suddenly stopping with will-power—don't do it. The correct method is to eliminate the nicotine poison from the system, strengthen the weakened, irritated membranes and nerves, and generally overcome the craving. You can give up tobacco and enjoy yourself a thousand times better while feeling always in robust health. My FREE book tells all about the wonderful three days' method. Inexpensive, reliable. Full particulars, including my book on Tobacco and Snuff habit, sent in plain wrapper FREE. Don't delay. Keep this; show it to others. This advertisement may not appear again. Address—

SECRET FREE

EDWARD J. WOODS, 10 Norfolk St. (628 TD), LONDON, W.C.2.

Used 8 Ounces Weekly

Mr. T. START,

Dogdyke, Lincoln, writes: "Your Treatment for the Tobacco Habit is truly wonderful, and I am pleased to say it has completely cured me. I used to smoke regularly from seven to eight ounces of tobacco per week, but since taking your treatment I have not had the slightest craving for it, and am much better in health."

Relief After Two Days

Mr. W. H. JOHNSTON,

Aberdeen, writes: "Some 15 months ago I sent to you for your Tobacco Treatment, and when I received it I followed the instructions closely, and in two days lost all craving for a pipe or cigarette. I have been smoking for 12 years on an average of 4 ozs. per week, in addition to numerous cigarettes, but I can say now your Treatment does all you claim for it."

Slave to Cigarettes

Mr. E. MOORCROFT,

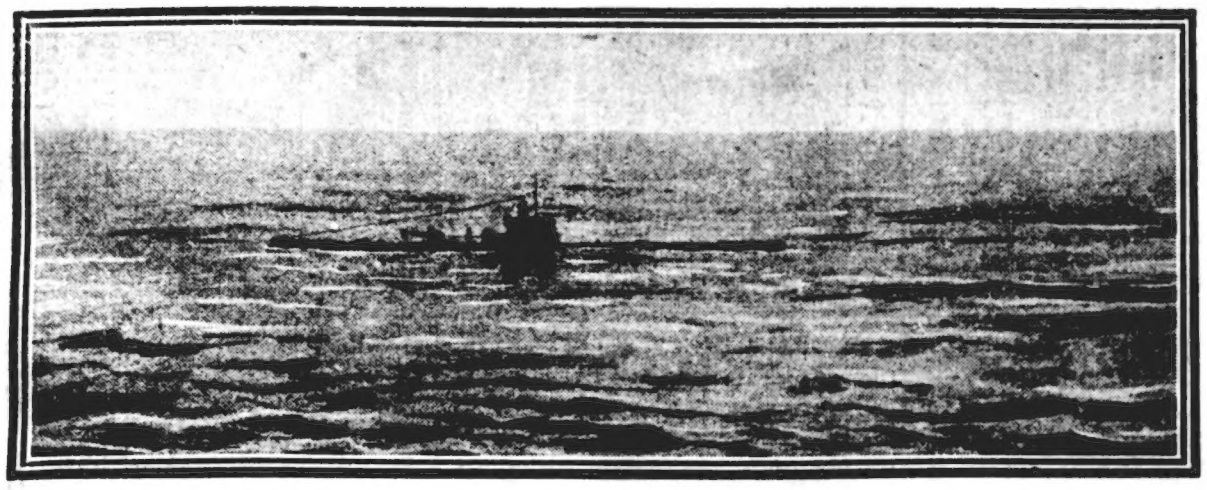
Liverpool writes: "I am pleased to tell you that your Treatment is all that you claim for it; after taking a few doses smoking was reduced to a farce. Now I am entirely free from any desire to use tobacco in any form. After using cigarettes for the last 20 years it is a change for which I am very thankful."

A Victim of Snuff-taking

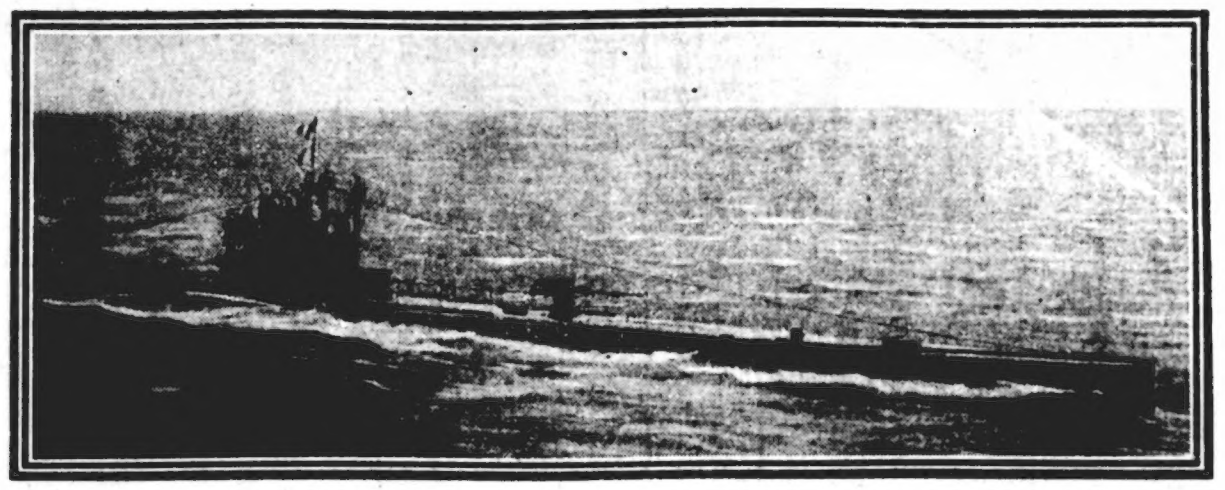
Mr. R. H. RUTHERFORD,

Sidney Street, Hull, writes: "About ten years ago I took a pinch of snuff to ease the toothache, and slowly but surely I became a victim to the dirty habit of snuff taking. Since using your C Treatment I have not had the least desire for snuff or smoke. Your C Treatment is all that you claim for it."

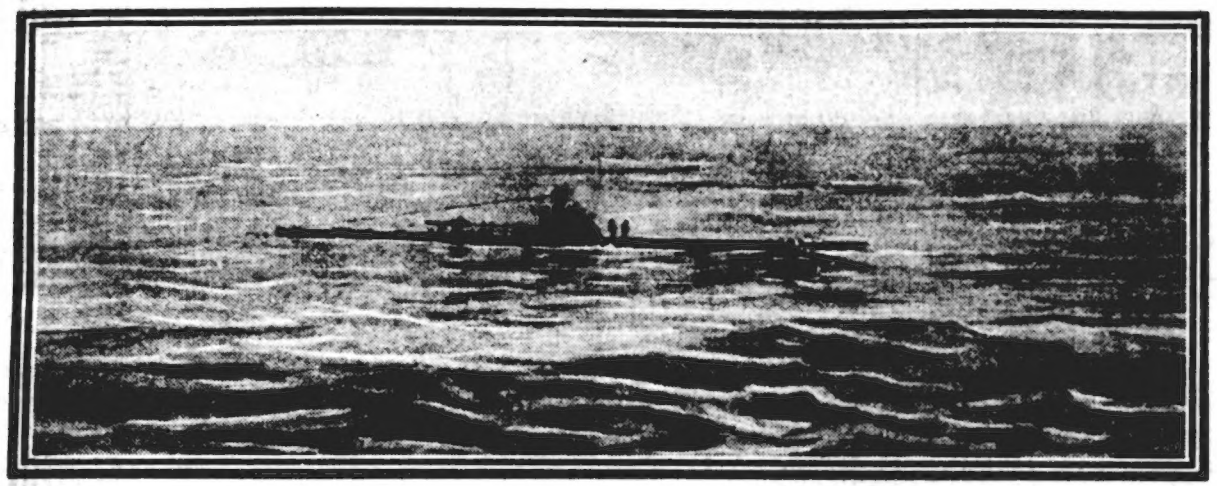
THE TACTICS OF HIGH SEA PIRACY: A GERMAN SUBMARINE'S METHODS OF HOLDING UP A SHIP.



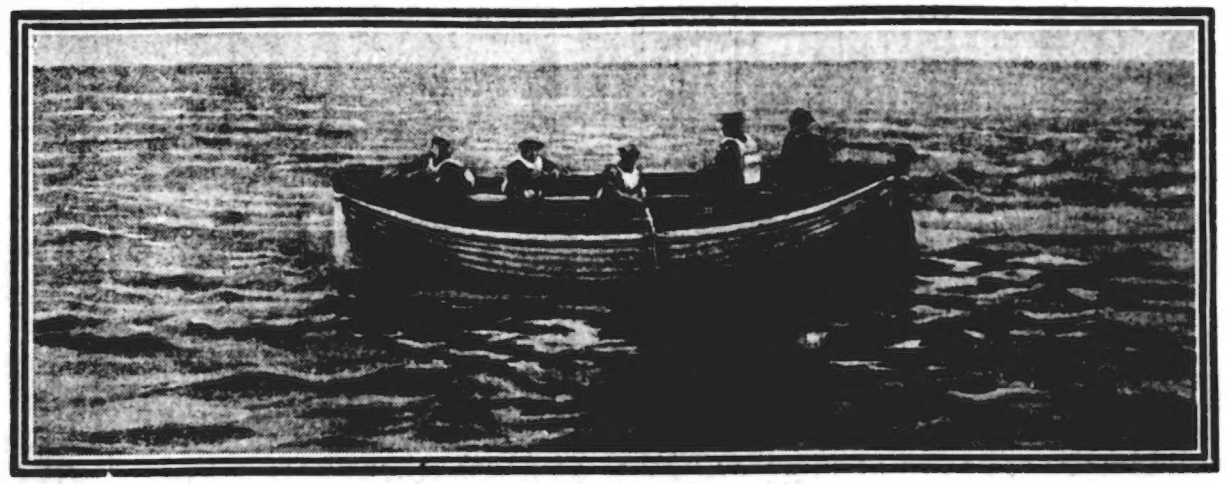
AS SEEN FROM THE DECKS OF A SHIP THAT SHE HAS STOPPED: A GERMAN SUBMARINE ON THE SURFACE.



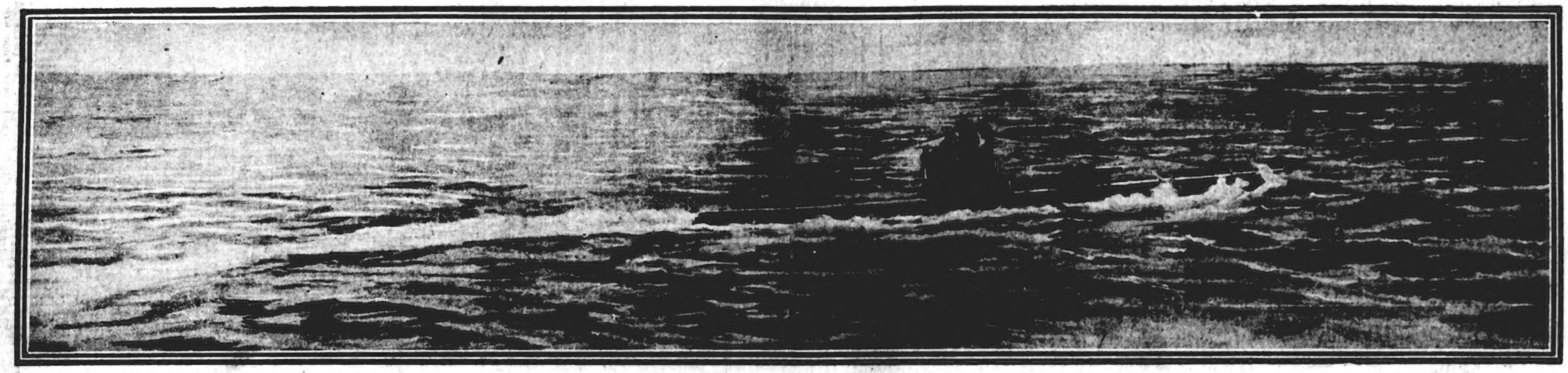
WITH SOME OF HER CREW ON THE CONNING-TOWER, AND A GUN ON DECK: A CLOSER VIEW OF THE SUBMARINE.



SHOWING A SMALL BOAT SENT FROM THE ARRESTED SHIP WITH HER PAPERS FOR INSPECTION: THE SUBMARINE FROM THE OTHER SIDE.



TAKING THEIR SHIP'S PAPERS TO THE SUBMARINE: MEMBERS OF THE CREW, WEARING CORK JACKETS, PUTTING OFF IN A SMALL BOAT.



SUBMARINE UNDER WAY ON THE SURFACE: THE ARRESTED VESSEL'S VIEW OF THE U-BOAT AS IT LEAVES HER AFTER HAVING GIVEN HER PERMISSION TO PROCEED ON HER COURSE. THE PROBLEM OF COMBATING THE U-BOAT MENACE LIES IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF OUR SUBMARINES INTO LARGE AND COMPARATIVELY SWIFT VESSELS WITH ALL THE CAPABILITIES OF A CRUISER—GUNS AS WELL AS TORPEDOES.

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